THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE DELAY IN THE APPEARANCE OF THE LIVING AGE IS DUE TO A GENERAL STRIKE OF THE PRINTING TRADES IN BOSTON. AFTER MAY FIRST, WE HOPE TO RESUME PUBLICATION UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS —IN ACCORDANCE WITH ARRANGEMEGTS MADE LONG BEFORE AND INDEPENDENT OF THE STRIKE.

THE DANGER TO CIVILIZATION

THE present letter, which on account of the eminence of its signers as well as its argument is worthy of a wide circle of readers, recently appeared in the Manchester Guardian:

Sir,—No lover of mankind or of progress, no student of religion, of morals, or of economics, can regard the present trend of affairs without feelings of great anxiety. Civilisation itself seems to be on the wane, and everything that makes life really worth the living in process of extinction. The nations are filled with mistrust and antipathy for each other, the classes have rarely been so antagonistic, while the relation of individual to individual has seldom been so frankly selfish. The vast destruction of life by war and the acute suffering which the war created seem to have largely destroyed human sympathy. Hence the unprecedented misery into which the war has plunged so many nations often fails to excite those feelings of humanity which, prior to the war, thrilled the people of every country when the world was visited by misfortunes quite insignificant in comparison with the present disaster.

Never was greater need of all those qualities which make the race human, and never did they appear to be less manifest. For the conditions now existing the statesmen blame the private citizens, while the latter blame their statesmen; the employer seeks to throw responsibility upon the worker, the latter denounces the selfishness of his employer, and nations accuse each other. Already the consequences of the breakdown of international, national, and private morality are becoming everywhere apparent. The growing unemployment at a time when the need of production was never so great or so urgent is but an outward manifestation of moral and spiritual failure.

It is becoming increasingly evident that the world has taken a wrong turn, which, if persisted in, may lead to the destruction of civilisation. Right-thinking men and women of all classes are filled with anxiety, not only because of existing conditions, but on account of the still more dis-

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tressing situation likely to develop in the early future—a situation which they feel so powerless to prevent. In these circumstances we appeal to the right thinking of all nations and of all classes, whether they be statesmen or humble citizens, employers or workmen, and invite their cooperation in the work of applying the true remedies, for it is only by maintaining the highest possible standard of right between nations, between classes, and between individuals that the present situation can be adjusted and the dangers overcome. So long as each nation, through its statesmen, considers exclusively its own interests, and refuses to consider the common welfare of all nations, the dangers cannot be overcome. Nor can they be overcome while everyone is seeking to benefit himself at the expense of the community, instead of rendering to the community the best service he is capable of performing.

Many, no doubt, are conscious of the truth, and the air is full of recriminations; but a renewed sense of right is needed, as well as a renewed determination both to do what is right and to maintain what is right, internationally as well as nationally and individually. When statesmen and citizens, employers and employed acknowleege joint responsibility and decide to stand for the right even when it is apparently against their interests as well as when it favours them, only then can the spiritual and moral health of the nations be renewed, progress be resumed, and the general economic wellbeing be once more re-established.—Yours, &c.,

E. W. Barnes (Canon of Westminster).
Frances Balfour.
Hugh Bell.
Buckmaster.
Edward Carpenter.
John Clifford, D. D.
Kate Courtney of Penwith.
W. Moore Ede (Dean of Worcester).
Alfred E. Garvie, D. D. (Principal of New College, Hampstead.)
L. P. Jacks (Principal of ManchesterCollege, Oxford).
Walter Lock, D. D. (Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity).
W. Manchester.
Hubert M. Oxon.
George Paish.
Parmoor.
Theodore Petriburg.
W. B. Selbie, D. D. (Principal of Mansfield College).

TRANSPACIFIC NOTES

Captain Hidika, a well-known naval publicist of Japan, in an article published simultaneously in two leading Tokyo dailies, *Asahi* and *Jiji*, says that the new vessels now building in Japanese shipyards "are superior to those building in England and America." He observes that "America may build not only sixty-four but one-hundred more vessels, or as many as she wants; she does not need to apologize for that." He insists that "Japan's objective is not England nor America, nor any other country," and asks, "When no country is regarded as the objective, why should Japan have so powerful a navy?" The answer is that in case of a war, its fleet must control the sea routes between Japan and Korea, China, Formosa, the Dutch East Indies, and Burma, which are Japan's sources of supply for rice and raw materials. The author does not believe that a limitation of armaments will insure

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peace among nations. "The way is to advance toward the emancipation of mankind and the principle of the common living together of mankind. If that aim is attained, the restriction of armaments will come naturally of its own accord."

JAPANESE newspapers are discussing the recent decrease in the number of Chinese students in Japan. *Yomiuri* attributes it partly to financial reasons, and observes that so long as America and other countries offer superior advantages to students from China, the Japanese authorities cannot afford to remain idle. It is suggested that the government grant 600 Yen a year to each of 500 Chinese students in the higher schools of the empire. The Chinese prefer to go to Western countries and especially the United States, because they regard the educational standards there as higher and other facilities, such as laboratories, as better. Tokyo *Asahi* says that before the late war, the number of Chinese students in Japan was estimated at 20,000, and that it has since decreased to 4,000, although the number going to America, France, and England has constantly grown. It attributes the decrease to three reasons: the difficulty which graduates from Japanese institutions experience in obtaining positions when they return to China, the high cost of studying in Japan, and the inferior educational attainments of some students educated in the empire as compared with those educated in America and Europe. It is particularly interesting to note that these Japanese critics recognize that many Chinese students live under more wholesome surroundings and are influenced by higher spiritual and moral standards in American schools than in those of Japan.

SIR DENNISON ROSS, director of the London School of Oriental Studies, in an exhortation to his British countrymen to learn Japanese, says that this is one of the easiest languages of the world to pronounce. "Most of the words end in vowels and none of the consonants offers any difficulties."

The structure of Japanese is very peculiar and very strange to the beginner. It is hard to realize a grammar which recognizes no persons and no genders—but such is the case with Japanese. The language also has no relative pronouns. However, there is no reason why people, whose mother tongue is English, should fight shy of the language. For practical every-day purposes, six months study of the spoken tongue will 'carry an intelligent man a long way' providing he has competent teachers.

THE GEORGIA INCIDENT.

ONE OF those incidents which put America to shame, and evoke a patronizing moral comment from foreign critics, draws the following tolerant comment from the London *Morning Post*.

'THE coloured man trouble on the Williams plantation in Georgia recalls irresistibly to any student of Mr. Dooley the words of that extremely wise man, spoken more than twenty years ago to Mr. Hennessy. The latter had asked the philosopher: "What's goin' to happen to the naygur?" Mr. Dooley replied: "Well, he'll ayther have to go to the north an' be a subjick race, or stay in the south an' be an objick lesson. 'Tis a hard time he'll have, annyhow. . . If I was a black man I'd choose th' cotton belt in prifrince to the belt on the neck from the polisman's club. I would so." There are people to-day

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who say that the writer of Uncle Tom's Cabin left a terrible legacy of misery to posterity. In Russia there has never been a day's happiness for the serfs since the serfs were freed. In England—but, there, one can talk too much.'

FRENCH LABOR AND RESTORATION

An interesting phase of the problem of restoring the devastated territories in France, and incidentally of the larger question of reparation in general, has just been brought into prominence by a conference of representatives from the devastated regions organized by the French General Confederation of Labor to formulate a plan of reconstruction to be put into operation immediately. The Germans have urged from the first that they should be allowed to restore these territories with German materials and labor. The French government, including the Chamber of Deputies, has refused to listen to such a plan. Of course the Germans have charged that the French government has been influenced by big contracting interests, which expect to make huge profits out of reconstruction work. Now the French Confederation of Labor is reported to have demanded precisely what Germany has offered, namely, that the Germans be allowed to send workmen and materials into the devastated regions and rebuild what their soldiers destroyed.

RUSSIAN REFUGEES

The French government, which has spent more than two hundred million francs in maintaining Russian refugees from Crimea, who were with General Wrangel's army, has been obliged by its own financial distress to withdraw this assistance. Thousands of these Russians have been sent to other countries; some twenty thousand to Serbia, ten thousand to Brazil, and one thousand to Peru. It is estimated that there are a million Russian exiles and refugees in Europe, who are now partly dependent on charity, or upon their precarious earnings in unaccustomed occupations and a strange land.

L'Opinion says that of the 270,000 Russians who left Sevastopol after Wrangel's defeat, 6,000 were taken aboard former Russian naval vessels and are at present in Tunis, where they are camping in the neighborhood of Bizerte. Their general condition and state of health are said to be satisfactory.

BANDITRY AS A BUSINESS

The Japan Advertiser summarizes an article by an anonymous writer, who describes himself as "a retired Manchurian bandit," which was recently published in *Taiyo*. He classifies these professional looters into five groups: those led by former government officials who have lost office; those led by "ordinary people;" those led by men of military experience who are supported by Chinese army officers; those led by men with a political purpose, generally financed at present by the Bolsheviki; and those who 'take to the woods' as a protest against misgovernment. These bandits are organized according to the present system of the Chinese army, into sections of 100 men or more, and battalions of several times that number. Each section is composed of three companies and each company of three squads, with a full complement of officers. They use Russian, Japanese and Chinese rifles,

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and have a few machine guns and mountain guns. This equipment is the private property of the leaders. Discipline is far stricter than in the regular Chinese army. The organizations are recruited in April or May and disband in October or November. During the season when inclement weather makes banditry disagreeable, the members labor as ordinary coolies. Their harvest season is during the summer, when they establish themselves in "dens", and send out scouting parties to look up likely booty and opportunities for raiding. After the expense of the expeditions has been deducted each season, "the profits" are distributed in prearranged shares among the members. A good leader expects to make about $5,000, an ordinary follower $150 to $200 out of a season's campaign. These robber bands generally work in secret agreement with Chinese officials.

A KIND WORD FOR WILSON

La Dépêche de Toulouse, a liberal democratic daily, prints one of the most sympathetic references to President Wilson which has appeared in the French press apropos of his retirement from the White House:

'President Wilson leaves the White House, a martyred invalid, deserted and forgotten. Like all those who in the past have served justice, he has been rewarded with ingratitude and abuse. Our Nationalists, with their ordinary blindness, join in this concert. The Americans forget that they derided Lincoln, the rail splitter, before exalting him to the side of Washington as their second national hero. President Wilson has not only been the voice of his age, but the voice of human conscience. At the most critical moment of the War, he revived our courage and re-awakened our hope. He can afford to wait. His words have been recorded. History will restore to his proper rank the statesman who was the first 'to voice the thoughts of the great masses condemned to eternal silence..... President Wilson merely saw farther than does his successor. By associating the Great Powers in a League of Nations, he attempted to place a barrier in the way of Japanese imperialism, and to preserve the integrity of China without a resort to arms. In a very practical way, he planned to save his Country and the World the enormous cost of a great war for the mastery of the Pacific. He will not be comprehended or done justice until the tempests which he sought to conjure finally wreak their wrath upon the World.'

LET THE AMERICAN STAY

COMMENTING upon the rumor that the American forces are to be withdrawn from the Rhine, the *Berliner Tageblatt* observes that while this would be a financial relief to Germany, on account of the particularly heavy expense of maintaining our troops, it would be a misfortune in other respects. The Americans are represented as more level-headed than their colleagues, though they share that quality to some extent with the English. They have constituted a conciliatory element among the occupying forces. Even the conservative *Kölnische Zeitung*, which was intensely hostile to the United States during the war, remarks: "Oppressive as is the occupation for the Rhine country, and desirable as is the immediate lessening of the cost of that occupation, it is to be hoped in the interest of the people along the

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Rhine, as well as of the government of Germany, that the American forces may remain here somewhat longer."

BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU PROTESTS

COUNT BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU, who was German ambassaeor at Copenhagen during the war, and who as Foreign Minister of the German Republic headed its delegation to the Paris Conference, has addressed an open letter to General Ludendorff, protesting against the implication in the article which we published last week, that during his service at Copenhagen he agitated in favor of a revolution. Brockdorff-Rantzau's liberal views and alleged pacifist sympathies exposed him to attack by the pan-Germans during the war; and at that time Ludendorff wrote him assuring him of his confidence. Now Ludendorff refuses to modify the wording of his article. The incident is merely a minor episode in the conflict between the "bitter-enders" and the advocates of an early peace, which started in Germany the first year of the war, and still continues as an acrimonious historical debate.

MINOR NOTES

C. K. CHESTERTON'S *New Witness* asserts that the British press is publishing fictitious news of the receptions accorded the Prince of Wales in his tours of the country. Speaking of his recent visit to Glasgow, this journal says: "We observe with deep regret that there were marked expressions of hostility to his person from thousands of people.... Why did the press not put in bold headlines that the procession of unemployed was held back by mounted police and soldiers with fixed bayonets, that the Prince had to escape by a side entrance from St. Andrews Hall in order to avoid the crowd, and that at least once a missile was publicly thrown at him in the streets?"

GREAT BRITAIN is congratulating itself upon the steady improvement in its foreign exchange. The pound sterling has risen, on an average, over 22% in other money markets within the past few months. It has recognized, however, that since the war, the indebtedness of Europe to the United States has reached a point where there is always a greater volume of European currency at the command of New York than of any other financial center in the world. This has resulted in New York unloading its excess on the London market.

MR. LANSING'S *Saturday Evening Post* articles upon the leading figures at the Peace Conference have been syndicated in the London *Times* and the *Echo de Paris*, and are naturally the sensation of the day in European press.

THE Berlin Trade Union Federation has made arrangements to sell practically at cost to the organized workers of Berlin such articles as clothing, furnishing goods, and shoes, and has established nine distributing points in the city for this purpose.

MERMEIX, whose articles upon the Armistice were recently printed in *The Living Age*, has published a book entitled: *Les Négociations secretes et les quatre armistices*, which is said by French reviewers to be well documented and to contain important new material.

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WAR'S REALITIES

BY COUNT ALEXIS TOLSTOY

[The following sketch is a chapter from a new novel by Count Alexis Tolstoy, entitled, "The Soul in Torment", now running serially in the Sovremenniya Zapiski (Contemporary Notes), a Russian monthly in Paris. The novel is an intense and vivid portrayal of Russia's state of mind nationally just before the war and during the war and the revolution. Its author is a poet and novelist, perhaps the most brilliant Russian writer of the present generation. He is an exile from Soviet Russia and lives in Paris.]

1.

"That's the way things are running —gives you a shiver to think of them."

"You stop glaring at that fire. Go to bed."

"Ye-es, so they run. Russia is going to the dogs, that's sure, all right."

Three soldiers were sitting near the clay wall of a barn with a high thatch roof. A fire was blazing before them. One of them had hung out his foot-rags on small sticks to dry by the fire, and was now looking after them to keep them from being caught in the flames. Another was putting a patch on his breeches. The third was sitting on the ground, his feet crossed under him, his hands pushed deep into the pockets of his coat; freckled and large-nosed, with a thin, black beard, he was gazing at the fire out of his deep-sunk, maddened eyes.

"Everything is sold, that's the way things run," he was saying in a dull, low voice. "The moment our side begins to get the better of them, an order comes to retreat. All we do is string Jews on tree limbs, and the treason has its nest way up in the tree top."

"I am so sick and tired of this war! They can't describe that in any newspaper," said the soldier who was drying his rags, as he carefully dropped some faggots on the fire. "When we started advancing, suddenly we found ourselves retreating. And now they want us to advance again, the Devil take them! And still we find ourselves in the same place. No results out of that," he pronounced the last words with evident relish. "All our work seems to be here. There's hardly a woman in the neighborhood that goes without a child. Makes me sick to look at them."

"The other day Lieutenant Zhadov came over to where I was," said the soldier who was busy sewing, and smiled sneeringly without looking up from his work. "Well, he must be sick of nothing to do, and the Devil wouldn't let him rest. So he started going after me, all on account of this hole. And then he didn't like the way I stood there. I didn't say a word. And it all ended very simply, he just hit me in the face and walked off again."

The soldier who was drying his rags took up the conversation:

"Not a rifle in sight, nothing to shoot with. And over at our battery there are seven shells to a gun. So naturally, the only thing that remains for them is to hit the privates in the face."

The fellow who was sewing raised his head and looked at him as if startled by his boldness. The black-bearded soldier said in the same tone of voice, as before:

"They've gotten the whole people over now; recruiting up to forty-three

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years. With a force like that you can go through the whole world. And do we refuse to do our share? Only they, too, have to do their part; we'll do ours."

The fellow with the sewing nodded his assent.

"I saw the field in front of Warsaw," "continued the black-bearded fellow, and there are five or six thousand Siberian sharp-shooters lying in a heap there. They came all those distances just to get caught in the machine-guns. At the military council in Warsaw they discussed it all and decided what to do, and then right after that one of the generals came out and sent a telegram to Berlin. See? So the two Siberian corps marched straight from the station to that field and right in front of the machine guns. You say he hit you in the face? What of that? My father used to hit me in the face every time I didn't hitch the horse right, and that was just as it should be: he was teaching me. But what did they kill those Siberian sharp-shooters for, slaughtered them like sheep? I tell you, fellows, Russia is lost. They've sold us out. And the fellow who sold us is a peasant, just like ourselves, comes from Pokrovsky, the same village as I. I won't even speak his name. [Rasputin] He's illiterate, same as I, only a rascal into the bargain. By and by he lost all taste for work, started stealing horses and visiting with all kinds of sectarians, and got a liking for women and sweet drink. And now he's in Petersburg, instead of the Tsar, with all the ministers, and generals, and devils around him. Everything there is from the Devil. I was told that they lifted a priest's robe and saw a tail there. We are slaughtered here, thrown into the fresh earth by the thousands, and there in Petersburg, the electric lights burn all the time. And they drink and eat and have a ball in every house. The women are naked down to here. I know it as a fact that money was brought from Germany in three submarines. Look, I can't even lift my hand for the sign of the cross, talking about them; it's like stone."

Suddenly he became silent. It was quiet and damp. The horses in the barn were crunching their hay; one of them kicked against the wall. A night bird flew towards the fire from beyond the roof, then disappeared with a short, wail-like cry. And at that moment there rose in the sky, far in the distance, a breaking roar, constantly approaching nearer and nearer, as though a huge beast were flying through the air, with an unspeakable speed, tearing the dark with its muzzle. Then the beast struck against something, and far beyond the barn an explosion boomed on the air, making the earth shake and tremble with its concussion. The horses began pitching about, jingling their bridles. The soldier who was sewing said in a trembling voice:

"That's a shot for you!"

"What a gun!"

"Just wait."

The three of them raised their heads. In the dark, starless sky a second sound was gathering momentum; it seemed to have lasted a minute or two, and then quite close by, just beyond the barn, the second explosion shook the earth. The black cones of the firs stood out for a moment, silhouetted against the glow. And immediately the sound of the third shell began to bore the air. This sound was magnetic, fascinating. It was impossible to listen to it, the heart fluttered at each beat. The

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black-bearded soldier rose from the ground and began stepping backward. Something swept in from above, as if an invisible flash of lightning cut the air, and a black and fiery column of smoke and earth flew up from the ground.

When this column settled down again, only a deep shell-hole remained in the place where the fire and the three soldiers had been a minute before. Over the shattered wall of the barn the thatched roof was burning, sending off clouds of yellowish smoke. A dark horse rushed out of the flame, and flew off to one side, in the direction of the darkly visible pines.

And beyond the ragged edges of the plain, lightnings were flashing, guns were roaring, rockets rose like flaming, sinuous worms and their slow falling light illumined the dark, damp earth. Shells bored the sky in all directions, as they flew on with roar and rattle. The explosions boomed in different places. The enemy was preparing for an attack.

2.

That same evening, in a dug-out located not far from the barn, the officers of one of the companies of the Ussolsk regiment gathered for a celebration in honor of the news received that day by Captain Tetkin to the effect that a son had been born in his family. Deep under the ground, reinforced by triple concrete fortifications, in a dug-out that resembled a dark cellar, lighted by bunches of candles stuck into the necks of empty bottles, eight officers, a physician and three nurses from a field hospital were sitting around a table.

A large amount of liquor had already been consumed. The recipient of the happy news, Captain Tetkin was asleep, his face resting on an elbow and a dirty hand thrown over his bald head. In the soft light of the numerous candles the nurses seemed pretty. One of them went under the name of Mushka. Two black curls hung over her forehead. She laughed all the time, throwing back her head and exposing her white throat, on which her two neighbors and the two officers sitting opposite rested heavy glances. The second nurse, Marya Ivanovna, a plump girl with rosy cheeks, was singing Gypsy songs. Her singing was extraordinary, and her listeners, applauding furiously, shouted:

"Oh, the Devil! That was real life!"

The third nurse was Elizaveta Kievna. The lights of the candles seemed to be breaking before her eyes, the faces seemed white, like spots seen through smoke. One face, that of her neighbor, Lieutenant Zhadov, seemed fearful and beautiful. He was tall, broad-shouldered, with light hair and clean-shaven face; his gray eyes seemed steady and transparent. He sat perfectly straight, his belt tightly encasing his waist. He drank much, but merely grew more pale. When Mushka burst out laughing or Marya Ivanovna took up her guitar, brushed perspiration off her face with a crumpled handkerchief, and sang in her low voice, "I was born in the fields of Moldavy," Zhadov slowly smiled with a corner of his straight, thin-lipped mouth and re-filled his glass.

Elizaveta Kievna gazed into his clean, unwrinkled face, that seemed almost like porcelain, and a piercing grief filled her soul.

He entertained her with stories of army life, and told her of an officer in their regiment, a Captain Martynov,

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who had the reputation of being a fatalist. He would get drunk on cognac, go at night outside the wire entanglements, and, approaching the German trenches, would begin to revile the enemy in four different languages. The other day he paid for his ambitious exploits with an abdominal wound. Elizaveta Kievna sighed and said that Captain Martynov must be a hero. Zhadov merely smiled.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "There are ambitious fellows and plain fools, but there are no heroes."

"But when you go into action, isn't that heroism?"

"In the first place you don't go into action, but are sent into action, and those who go are cowards. Of course, there are people who risk their lives without being forced to it. But these are people who have an organic thirst for murder." Zhadov drummed on the table with his fingers.

"What are they, degenerates?"

"No, not degenerates, but, if you like, people who have reached a higher stage of human consciousness."

He rose from his seat, reached for a box of marmalade at the far end of the table, and offered it to Elizaveta Kievna.

"No, thank you," she said and felt that her whole body was growing weaker. "But tell me, how about yourself?"

Zhadov drew together the skin on his forehead, and his face became covered with thin, unexpected wrinkles, suddenly appearing old and ugly.

"What about me?" he said sharply. "Yesterday I shot a Jew back of the barn. You want to know whether I enjoyed that or not? What nonsense!"

He pushed a cigarette into his mouth and lighted a match, but though his flat fingers holding the lighted match seemed firm enough, he could not get the end of the cigarette into the flame.

"Yes, I must be drunk. I beg your pardon," he said and threw away the match that had already burned to his nails. "Let's go outside."

Elizaveta Kievna rose as in a trance and followed him toward the narrow passageway that led from the dug-out. Merry, drunken voices were shouting something after them, and Marya Ivanovna, striking a chord on the guitar, began in a deep bass, "The night exhaled the joy of love and passion."

It was dark and quiet outside the dug-out; spring odors were in the air. Zhadov walked fast over wet grass, his hands thrust into his pockets. Elizaveta Kievna followed at a little distance, and though she felt that she ought to feel offended, she continued to smile. Suddenly he stopped and asked,

"Well, how about it?"

Her ears flamed hot. Holding back a spasm in her throat, she said in a scarcely audible whisper,

"I don't know."

"Come," He turned in the direction of the dark, towering roof of the barn, but after a few steps, stopped again and took her hand. His hand was as cold as ice.

"Listen to me," he said with sudden heat. "I have the physique of a god. I break silver coins in half. I can see through people as if they were made of glass. I hate them..." He stumbled over the word, and then stamped his foot, as if recalling something. "All this singing and cowardly talk, and snickering, it's all rotten. They are all like worms on the ground, crawling in warm manure. They can see only my feet.

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I crush them. Listen, I don't love you, can't. I'll never love you. Don't flatter yourself. But I need you. I despise myself for this feeling of dependence. You must understand me." He thrust his hands under her arms, drew her close and pressed his dry, hot lips to her temple.

She moved to free herself, but he drew her closer, and she hung in his arm, her head dropping to one side.

"You are not like those, others," he said. "I'll teach you..." Suddenly he stopped and raised his head. A sharp, boring sound was growing in the dark.

"Oh, the devil!" he hissed through his clenched teeth.

Almost immediately a loud explosion was heard at a distance. Elizaveta Kievna tried to tear herself away, but he held her still closer. She shrieked with despair,

"Let me go!"

Another shell exploded nearby. Zhadov continued to mutter something, when suddenly something exploded just beyond the barn, and a column of smoke and fire flew up into the air.

Elizaveta Kievna tore herself away, fell on the ground, deafened by the explosion, then rose painfully to her feet and began to move in the direction of the dug-out.

Officers were already coming hastily out of the narrow passageway. They stopped to glance for an instant at the burning barn, and then started off on a run. Some went in the direction of the grove, where the trenches were located; others ran to the right, toward the communication trench, that connected with the bridge fortifications.

The German batteries were roaring back of the hills on the other side of the river. The bombardment began in two directions: over to the right, where the bridge was, and to the left, where, in the vicinity of a ford, there was a line of field fortifications on the other side of the river, recently occupied by the sixth company of the Ussolsk regiment. A part of the bombardment was directed at the Russian batteries, which replied very weakly.

Elizaveta Kievna saw that Zhadov was walking straight across the field to his machine-gun nest. He was hatless and his hands were thrust deep into his pockets. Suddenly a huge, fiery-black shaggy bush rose up in the place where she had just seen him. Elizaveta Kievna closed her eyes. When she opened them again, Zhadov was walking over to the left, his hands still thrust in his pockets. Captain Tetkin, who stood just by her watching the shells through his field glasses, suddenly turned around and said angrily, as though addressing her:

"What the Devil did we want those field works for? Look at what they've done to the ford! The damned...." He turned back to his binoculars. "The damned.... Hitting straight at the works! The whole sixth company is lost." He looked away, scratched his neck, and shouted, "Shliapkin!"

"Here, Sir," replied a short, long-nosed officer in a tall fur cap.

"Did you communicate with the field works?"

"The wires are cut."

"Order the eighth company to reinforce the field works."

"Yes, Sir," said Shliapkin, dropping his hand from the visor of his cap. He walked away two steps, and stopped.

"Lieutenant Shliapkin!"

"Here, Sir."

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"Please carry out the orders."

"Yes, Sir." Shliapkin walked off a little farther, and stopped again, looking at the ground and digging the earth with his cane.

"Lieutenant Shliapkin!"

"Here, Sir."

"Do you understand human language or don't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Communicate my orders to the eighth company. And you may add for yourself that those orders are not to be carried out. They are not idiots themselves to send men there. Let them send about fifteen men to the ford to open a fusilade. And report immediately to the division headquarters that the eighth company is counter-attacking, attempting to force the river. We can show losses out of the sixth. Now go."

When Elizaveta Kievna asked Tetkin to let her go to the trenches, he literally barked at her:

"You go to the Devil, young lady, and get out of here. Don't you see that they are starting up in earnest? Hey, Doctor, don't stand there with your mouth wide open. Get your people out of here!"

At that moment a shell flew close over their heads and hit a tree about twenty paces beyond them.

3.

Zhadov lay at the very opening of the machine-gun defense and watched greedily the development of the battle. He could not tear his eyes away from the binoculars. The machine-gun nest was built in the side of a wooded hill. At the bottom of the hill, the river made a sweeping curve. Over to the right, huge clouds of smoke rose from the bridge that had just been set on fire. Beyond the bridge, he could see a broken line of trenches, dug in a grassy marsh, and held by the first company. To the left of the trenches, a brook wound through the rushes and flowed into the river. Still farther, the three buildings enclosed by the field works were burning, and beyond them stretched the trenches held by the sixth company. The German lines began about three hundred paces farther, and ran out towards the wooded hills.

In the light of the two fires, the water seemed dirty and ruddy, while its surface was constantly seething from the shells that fell into the water, tossed up huge fountains, and enveloped everything around with pink and yellow clouds of smoke.

The heaviest bombardment was now concentrated on the field works. Shrapnel was bursting all the time over the burning buildings, while shaggy black columns rose from the trenches. Beyond the brook, one could see rifle shots, piercing the dark like sudden needles.

The air shook with the explosions of heavy shells. The shrapnel burst over the river, the fields, and the trenches of the second, third, and fourth companies. A ceaseless roar came from beyond the hills, where twelve German batteries were flashing like white lightning. The shells from our batteries were hissing in the air, flying in the direction of the German batteries.

The noise hurt the ears, crushed the heart, and made a hard ball of agony rise in the throat.

All this lasted for a long time. Zhadov glanced at the shining surface of his watch. It was half-past two, which meant that the attack might be expected at any moment.

And really, the bombardment be-

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came still more intense, the water in the river began to seethe still more furiously, and the shells burst over the ford and the hills on this side of the river. Occasionally, the earth shook in the machine-gun nest itself, and dust flew down from the walls and the ceiling of the concrete defenses. But everything gradually became quiet around the field works. And suddenly, dozens of rockets flew up on the other side of the river, for a moment illumining everything as with daylight. When the lights died out, it became still darker than before. That was the moment of the attack.

In the uncertain light of the early dawn Zhadov recognized at last dark figures moving across a field on the other side of the river. The figures fell to the ground, then rose again and moved on. Not a flash came from the field trenches. Turning around, Zhadov shouted,

"A strip!"

The machine gun began to shake as if with diabolic wrath, and to spit out its lead. The figures in the field immediately began to move faster. Some dropped down and did not rise again. But the whole was now full of moving figures. Some of them were already at the shattered trenches. Suddenly a dozen or two men rose from the trenches and the moving figures massed themselves about them.

This fight for the line of field trenches was but a tiny part of a huge battle, fought on a front of several hundreds of versts and costing the two sides about a billion roubles and several hundred thousand lives.

The battle had no meaning, because the losses were immediately made up. A new mobilization was ordered, new shells were manufactured, new paper currency was printed. Only several cities were destroyed and a hundred or so villages were burnt to the ground. And again the two sides began to prepare to take away from the enemy—so ran the parlance of the day—the initiative of offensive operations.

And there was just as little meaning to the struggle for the field fortifications. The Russians had occupied the place about two weeks before for the purpose of having a point of support in case of an offensive on the other side of the river. The Germans decided to capture the works in order to have their observation point nearer the river bank. Both of these aims were of importance only to the division commanders of the two sides, for they were a part of their very clever and carefully prepared plans of the spring campaign.

The Commander of the Russian division, General Dobrov, who had but some months before by gracious consent of His Majesty changed his non-Russian name to his present name, was playing cards when the report came concerning the German attack in the sector held by the Ussolsk regiment.

The General left the card table and went into the drawing room, where topographical maps were spread on the tables. He was accompanied by his staff. The reports from the front indicated a bombardment of the ford and the bridge. The General realized that the Germans were attempting to attack the field works, i. e. take away from him precisely the advantage upon which he had built his famous plan of attack, already approved by the headquarters staff of the army corps and now

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pending the approval of the army commander. By their attack, the Germans overturned the whole plan.

Every new telephonogram confirmed the General's apprehensions. The General slipped his pince-nez from his heavy nose and said calmly, but firmly:

"Very well. I shall not retreat one pace from the positions now held by the troops entrusted to me."

Orders were immediately given by telephone to take proper measures for the defense of the field works. The 238th Kundravinsk regiment, which was in reserve, was ordered to march to the ford in order to reinforce Captain Tetkin. At that moment a report was received from the commander of the heavy battery, stating that the supply of shells was running low, that one of his guns was damaged, and that he was unable to answer properly the heavy bombardment of the enemy.

The General's reply to this, as he glanced sternly at those present, was:

"Very well. When we have no more shells, we shall fight with cold weapons." And he took a snow-white handkerchief out of the pocket of his grey coat with red ornaments, shook the handkerchief open, rubbed his glasses with it, and bent over the map.

The youngest adjutant, Count Bobruysky, appeared in the doorway. He was dressed in a tightly fitting khaki uniform, and his belt gave him a swaggering appearance.

"Your excellency," he said, a smile slightly curling the corner of his handsome mouth, "Captain Tetkin reports that the eighth company is counter-attacking in an attempt to force the river, in spite of the enemy's furious bombardment."

The General glanced at the adjutant over his glasses, and said, "Very well."

But the reports from the front were getting to be more and more discouraging. The 238th Kundravinsk regiment marched as far as the river, and was there compelled to dig in. The eighth company continued its counter-attacks, but had not crossed the river. Captain Islambekov, the commander of the heavy gun battery, reported two guns damaged and his shells practically gone. Colonel Borozdin, the commander of the first battalion of the Ussolsk regiment, reported that his second, third, and fourth companies, holding open trenches, were suffering great losses, and he asked for permission either to counter-attack the enemy or to retreat to the woods. There were still no reports from the sixth company, holding the trenches on the other side of the river.

At half past two in the morning a military council was called together. General Dobrov had just said that he would personally march in front of his troops, rather than give up an inch of the sector he was holding on the other side of the river, when a report was received from the front, announcing the fall of the field fortifications and the loss of the whole sixth company. The General crushed the handkerchief he was holding in his hand and closed his eyes. The chief of staff, Colonel Svechin, his shoulders rising and his black-bearded face suddenly becoming red, said in a choppy, hoarse voice:

"Your excellency, I have already had the honor of reporting to you that the extension of our positions to the right bank of the river is a most risky undertaking. We shall lose two or three or four battalions of troops and even if we succeed in

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recovering the positions, we shall have great difficulty in holding them. I am opposed to any farther efforts to regain the point of support on the other side of the river."

"We need that point of support, we must have it and we shall have it, Colonel," replied the General, and drops of perspiration appeared on his nose. "It is not a question of vain ambition. But with the loss of that sector, my whole plan of advance, which has been so carefully worked out, will amount to nothing."

Colonel Svechin continued to defend his own point of view, and his face flushed still more:

"Your excellency, the troops cannot cross the river under the enemy's barrage, unless they are sufficiently supported by artillery. And as you know, our artillery cannot possibly give them the necessary support."

The General replied to this:

"Very well. In that case kindly inform the troops that there are Crosses of St. George hung on the barbed wire entanglements on the other side of the river. I know my soldiers."

After pronouncing these words, which ought to be recorded as part of history, the General rose to his feet, and twirling the gold pince-nez in his short fingers, walked over to the window, outside of which a wet birch stood against the delicately blue haze of the early morning. A small flock of sparrows settled, chirping, on the light-green branches; then suddenly flew off again. The slanting, golden rays of the sun were already moving across the meadow, piercing the dim spaces among the trees.

4.

By sunrise the battle was over. The Germans had occupied the field works and the whole left bank. The only thing that remained unoccupied was the line of trenches running through the grassy marsh, which was still held by the first company. All day long there was lazy fusilade across the river, but it was clear that the first company was in danger of being surrounded, for it had no direct communication with this bank of the river: the connecting bridge had been burned during the night. It seemed that the wisest thing was to clear the marsh trenches that night.

But in the early afternoon Colonel Borozdin, in command of the first battalion, received orders to prepare for crossing the river in order to reinforce the marsh trenches. Captain Tetkin was ordered to cross the river in pontoons, taking with him the fifth and the seventh companies, and striking just below the field trenches. The third company of the Ussolsk regiment was ordered to take the place evacuated by the attacking troops. The 238th Kundravisnk regiment was ordered to cross by means of a ford and engage the enemy in a frontal attack.

The order was a serious one and the plan perfectly clear. The field works were to be clenched as in a vise by the first battalion attacking on the right and the second battalion attacking on the left. The Kundravinsk regiment was to attract the attention and the fire of the enemy. The attack was ordered for after midnight.

When evening came, Zhadov placed his machine guns near the ford and very carefully carried one gun in a boat to a tiny island. He decided to stay there. It was good position, though very dangerous.

All day long the Russian batteries kept a lazy fire. The Germans replied occasionally. With the sundown, the

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guns became silent; only in some places the rifles were being used across the river. At midnight, the crossing began simultaneously in three places. In order to draw the enemy's attention, the Belotserkov regiment, which occupied a position about five versts up the river, began a lively fusilade. The Germans remained silent, as though listening for something.

Pushing aside the thick rushes, Zhadov was watching the crossing operations. A yellow star hung in the sky just over the ragged hills, and its dull light was reflected in the river. Suddenly dark moving objects began to cross this strip of dull light. Running figures appeared in the shallow places and on tiny sandy islands. Not far from Zhadov, a group of ten or so was cautiously moving through the water. In upraised hands, the soldiers were holding their rifles and cartridge-bags.

Then just as suddenly, rapid flashes appeared far on the other side and shrapnel shells began to burst over the river. Every flash of a bursting shell lighted up human faces uplifted from the water. There were moving figures everywhere. Cries of the wounded came from all sides. Blinding rockets rose from behind, and the Russian batteries began their bombardment. A human figure was floating toward the place where Zhadov lay on the ground. The man was clutching his head and shrieking,

"They shot me through the head!"

Zhadov ran over to the other side. Pontoon boats were crossing at a distance. The troops that had already crossed were running across the field on the other bank. Just as the night before, the hurricane of barrage fire was raging, deafening and blinding, over the seething river. Zhadov's machine guns were showering bullets over the German trenches. The Russian batteries were clearing the way for the attacking battalions. Tetkin's two companies were firing on the advance trenches. The Kundravinsk battalions, which lost half of their effective during the crossing, attempted a bayonet charge, but were driven back and had to retreat to the protection of barbed wire entanglements. But the serried ranks of the first battalion suddenly appeared from beyond the brook, and the Germans began hastily to retreat from the trenches.

Zhadov lay at his machine gun and clutching the furiously shaking trigger showered his lead on the open space beyond the German trenches. Single individuals and groups were crossing the space, and nearly all of them stumbled and fell under the shower of lead.

"Fifty-nine....Sixty..." counted Zhadov. Now a thin little figure rose in the open space. Zhadov moved his gun slightly. The figure dropped to its knees and fell. "Sixty-one..."

Suddenly an unbearable, scorching light rose before his eyes. Zhadov felt that he was lifted in the air and something pulled at his arm.

The field fortifications and the trenches adjoining were occupied. About two hundred Germans were captured. By sunrise, the artillery became silent again. The killed and the wounded could now be removed. While searching the islands, the field nurses found an overturned machine gun and by its side a dead soldier. On the other side of the island they found Zhadov, who lay in the rushes with his feet in the water. When they lifted him, he began to groan; a piece of pink bone could be seen from the remnants of his blood-steeped sleeve.

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When Zhadov was brought to the field hospital, the doctor shouted to Elizaveta Kievna:

"They've brought your fellow over. Have to operate on him right away."

Zhadov was unconscious; his nose was very sharp, his mouth blackened. During the operation, he clenched his teeth, and spasms of agony distorted his face.

After the operation was over and his arm was bandaged up, he opened his eyes. Elizaveta Kievna bent over him. "Sixty-one," he said.

Zhadov remained delirious until morning, and then fell into deep slumber. And Elizaveta Kievna went about begging that she be permitted to take him to large hospital attached to the division staff.

PRUSSIAN "DESPERADO POLICY"

[*H. P. Hanssen, a representative of the Danish Party—i. e., North Schleswig—in the old German Reichstag, and a member of the general executive committee of the Reichstag, has recently published his stenographic notes of the proceedings of the committee in* 1916, *when the submarine campaign was under discussion. The following article is a resume of this new evidence regarding the submarine debate. Presumably the notes were originally intended for the benefit of another power than Germany.*]

From *Die Glocke, March* 8

(BERLIN SOCIALIST CHAUVINIST WEEKLY)

FALKENHAYN is known to have recommended unrestricted U-boat warfare on the Tirpitz plan in January 1916, when the land campaign came to a halt. Count Westarp, leader of the Prussian Junkers, seized the occasion of the discussion of English Baralong note in Committee, to make a preliminary manouver in this direction. He asserted: 'The note raises a new question; the question whether Germany is ready to start fighting so as to end the war. We must resume our submarine campaign and pursue it mercilessly.' When Ledebour asked whether this meant sinking all British merchant vessels, Westarp replied: 'English and neutral alike!' thereby producing a profound sensation.

Meanwhile the subject was being agitated among the people, and by the end of March the Committee, by a heavy majority, petitioned the Chancellor to start such a campaign at once. Bassermann, who handled these questions for the Committee, presented the proposal. In addition to the Chancellor himself, Secretary Delbrück, Kratke, Jagow, Helfferich, and Capelle, who had been just appointed Tirpitz' successor, were present. Bethmann was obviously ill at ease. In reply to Bassermann's strongly colored report, he admitted that a ruthless submarine campaign would work great injury to England; but it would not compensate for the danger of a war with America. A submarine campaign would not make England sue for peace, as Bassermann assumed, but would strengthen Germany's enemies both financially and morally. 'No measure is in my mind too bad if it produces the result we seek. But ruthless submarine warfare is not likely to bring the war to a speedy end!' The new Secretary of the Navy, Capelle, would go no

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further than to say: 'The Navy would undertake a ruthless submarine campaign with ardent enthusiasm. There is no doubt that it would inflict very heavy loss upon England. But I do not believe it would force England to its knees, and I do not believe that we could thus get peace.' Neither Bethmann nor Capelle changed their minds up to the time that the submarine campaign began. The fact that they later bowed to the will of others, merely proves that the control of the government rested elsewhere, and that that control had resolved upon a 'desperado policy,' as Bethmann himself subsequently called it.

Noske demanded, in the session of March 29, that we should make peace at once in order to relieve the people of their extreme distress. Bethmann rejected this policy, but without dissenting from it in principle. He evaded the question. He could not show his cards without harming Germany. We had never sought to injure or to destroy other nations. Our war aim was to protect Germany's future, while Asquith was determined to destroy Germany. Westarp then put the leading question: 'How will the Imperial Chancellor get an acceptable peace without a ruthless submarine campaign?' Bethmann repudiated the suggestion vigorously: 'I will not let myself be persuaded to play *vabanque*.'

The sinking of the *Sussex* in April, produced a new crisis. But in spite of the raging opposition Bethmann clung obstinately to his first position. During the summer, however, the number of U-boat champions multiplied, especially in Southern Germany, and at the session of September 29, Bassermann, who again had charge of the debate, after recounting the enemies' superiority in wealth, men, munitions and food supplies, asked the Chancellor to define his attitude toward a submarine campaign. He was supported in this by the Liberal representative, Heckscher. Bethmann again declared that a submarine war meant war with America. The moment that one could state with assurance that the ruthless employment of submarines would hasten a victorious peace we would use our submarines. Capelle, who now for the first time felt in a position to guarantee monthly sinkings of six hundred thousand tons, added to this statement: 'I am not able to say yet what effect the destruction of this quantity of tonnage will have upon England.'

David accepted these figures of probable sinkings, which would not accomplish cutting off England entirely from supplies. The Channel was wholly under the control of England's high sea fleet. The effect would be to involve us in war with America, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, and Spain, and to isolate us absolutely when the war was over. 'A ruthless submarine campaign will be the first step to ruin; therefore it is simply a crime to start it.' Keil whispered to Hanssen: 'No responsible statesman could say anything different. A ruthless submarine campaign will but hurl us into the abyss.'

In spite of that, Westarp remained unteachable. He exclaimed in the session of September 30: 'We supposed the Chancellor would reverse the policy he has been following, and start an unlimited U-boat war. The people will be profoundly disappointed if this is not done. We regard such a measure as not only a means, but as the only means, of forcing England to sue for peace. If America declares

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war against us, it cannot thereby give more financial or military aid to our enemies than it has given them already; for it is sending them money and munitions without limit. The nation believes that the government is trying to spare England, in order to bring about a reconciliation with that country. The war cannot be ended until England is crushed. That can be accomplished only by the U-boat. America wishes us to be defeated. All that is needed is one more Wilson note, and we will be forbidden to use our firearms at the front!'

Westarp's profound and statesmanlike confidence was not shaken by the figures which Helfferich presented, showing that a submarine campaign would ruin Germany, and by Capelle's admission that such a campaign would not prevent shipping troops and munitions across the Channel. Stresemann, who represented the Industrialist Party, backed up Westarp, although with some qualifications. England could not, in his opinion, be forced to its knees in six months; but it would suffer such frightful commercial losses and face such a gloomy future, that it would be ready to discuss peace. The navy officers were all in favor of using the U-boat to the utmost. English ship owners were earning billions, while German shipowners were facing bankruptcy. Therefore he joined Westarp in asking whether we could get an acceptable peace without using submarines. The Chancellor ought to answer that question. Representative Gamp, the Free Conservative leader, joined these two, and was imprudent enough to ask: 'What is Hindenburg's opinion?', thus betraying the real wire-puller behind the scenes.

Bethmann tried to escape from a situation in which he was torn between his convictions and his helplessness: 'I do not know the plans of the supreme army chiefs, and if I knew them I could not reveal them... Many gentlemen are asking me what Hindenburg thinks. We have submitted the question to him. He has told us that he can not let us know what he will recommend to the Kaiser. (We now know that Ludendorff was only waiting for the end of the Roumanian campaign in order that he might have troops enough to garrison the Holland and the Denmark frontiers.) I still consider a ruthless U-boat campaign a desperado policy, which I will not endorse either now or later. My standpoint is one of expediency. I am not opposed to using U-boats on principle.' Müller-Meiningen observed aside to Hanssen: 'You see, they're going to let the soldiers settle the question. No Chancellor will dare oppose it, if Hindenburg backs up the navy.'

On the evening of October 1, Hanssen was in company with Haase, Bernstein, Kautsky and Breitscheid (leaders of the Socialist group which was opposing the war). All were agreed that Capelle was already opposing Bethmann. Haase had information of a bitter struggle behind the scenes between Capelle and Helfferich. Bernstein laid emphasis on England's tremendous resisting power, and its stern, inflexible determination to fight to the end. All the gentlemen present were agreed likewise that 'time is working for the enemy.' Breitscheid thought that Germany could not be defeated in the open field, while the others were inclined to lay stress on the point that it could not win a military victory in the open field. Kautsky declared that Germany might have obtained

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an acceptable peace a year earlier had it granted Alsace-Lorraine a republican constitution and guaranteed full compensation to Belgium. All were of the opinion that this opportunity had been irrevocably lost.

During the session of the Appropriation Committee on October 5, which revealed with glaring distinctness the attitude of each party toward the question, von Jagow's embarrassment was made the matter of a joke (which cannot be reproduced in English) by the Free-Thinker member Doormann: '*Herrn von Jagow nennt man jetzt ago—weil er von Jott verlassen ist!*' Erzberger argued against Westarp, who characterized a peace with Belgium as a sign of weakness. He said that Germany would be enormously strengthened were it to settle honorably its Belgian account. When we started our last submarine campaign the previous spring it did us immeasurable harm. However, he did not oppose using submarines as a matter of principle. (Ledebour protested violently against this statement.) The question was merely one of expediency, which the Chancellor had settled for the time being by his statement that he could not commit himself to a desperado policy. In reply to his question, 'How could we force America to make peace with us again?' von Jagow made the admission: 'I confess I don't know. We can only issue warnings.'

For the first time a voice was raised to assert the rights of the peoples' representatives to have a say in the question. Payer regretted that the matter was being handled behind locked doors. It was a national misfortune that the Chancellor's opponents were employing untruthful statistics, which public policy prevented the government from correcting. We should not entrust Hindenburg and Ludendorff with the decision of our fate. It was proper enough, though, to learn their views before making our own decision.

Scheidemann regarded further discussion unnecessary after Helfferich's statistics: 'A submarine war means not only war with America, but, as Helfferich has already told us, our own ruin. The German people do not want a submarine war; they want bread and peace. The suffering of the millions is so acute that we are living over a volcano. We should not forget this when taking counsel here. A deep cleft is opening through the German nation. The position of the government is not an easy one. The people must be held together. That is why the Chancellor's speeches are so ambiguous. No one dares to say frankly what he means. However, that itself is dangerous. We are likely to have a fall between two chairs. The Chancellor can not keep everyone contented all the time. He must make a decision. The German Empire cannot be handled like an East Prussian estate. The question is above all; How can we get an acceptable peace at the earliest possible date? I am no optimist. We cannot tolerate a situation where either of the combatants dictates peace to the other. All our efforts must centre upon a peace where there are neither victors nor vanquished.'

Schiffer backed up the Chancellor. We ought not to try a desperado policy. But a situation may develop which leaves us no choice. Stresemann made one of his characteristic about-faces: 'A submarine campaign would shorten the war. If the Chancellor opposes it, he must show some other way to get peace!' The Conservative Roesicke blurted out with

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arrogant and brutal blindness: 'We've the power in our hands and are not using it. The moment we destroy the connection of the neutral countries with England we force them to deal with us. The Saloniki army is lost, if we cut it off from its overseas supplies. We can produce a profound effect in Egypt. The harvest situation makes this a favorable time. England must import eighty-five percent of the food it consumes. We are not so dependent by any means on foreign sources. If we cut off England's imports its people will have a panic. I have no use whatever for Scheidemann's standpoint. We want no submission, but victory. No one of us underestimates the seriousness of the situation. America does not endanger us if it takes part in the war.' And concluding with an absolute self-contradiction he wound up: 'We are suffering frightfully from lack of forage, artificial fertilizers and labor. We lack springs, machine parts, metal, wool, cotton, jute, binding twine, leather, bagging, and many other things. Trade is paralyzed. We have no automobiles and no bicycles. Can anybody foresee how long we can hold out? The catastrophe comes on apace. We must have an end. But how?'

Groeber now began to argue for Parliamentary abdication: 'I consider it absolutely necessary that Hindenburg gives us his opinion. If Hindenburg rejects a submarine compaign, things must stay as they are now. If he approves such a campaign, the Chancellor surely will not oppose him. All must bow to Hindenburg's decision.' And then he continued with glaring inconsistency: 'The Chancellor is responsible. The Reichstag is also responsible, because it furnishes the money. But if Hindenburg demands a submarine campaign neither the Chancellor nor the Reichstag can refuse it. (Interruptions: Sure! Sure!)' He then formulated the following grotesquely contradictory programme as that of his party: '1, The Chancellor is responsible and must decide; 2, Hindenburg's decision is a mandatory decision for the Chancellor; 3, If Hindenburg endorses a submarine campaign the Chancellor must not oppose it. Thereupon Under-Secretary Lewald hastened off to telephone this message. Helffreich and Wahnschaffe had an excited consultation with Zimmermann. The navy officers were jubilant, feeling certain that they had won.

But the Conservatives were far from satisfied even with this committee success. Westarp roared out: 'You've not intimidated us with your threats. If you begin to attack the Chancellor in full session we will be on the benches. How are we to get a good peace? We will not get it by following Scheidemann's counsel and giving up what we've won. We cannot evacuate Belgium without absolutely unquestionable guaranties. I do not think that we shall make any separate peace. England is still mistress of the sea. We must crush England. Without that we shall not get a satisfactory peace. We have no choice. We may perhaps win a strategic victory here and there, but we cannot win the victory now on the land alone.'

Noske again calls attention to the frightful distress prevailing among the people: 'We do not oppose U-boat warfare on principle. We will fight with any means in our power England's efforts to starve us. We understand that the life of the German nation is at stake. Therefore for us it is only a question of expediency. We clearly see the advantages. But

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we fear that we shall soon find America, Holland, Denmark, and other nations, in the ranks of our enemies, and that this will only make matters worse. Groeber wishes to leave the decision to Hindenburg. That is the most remarkable proposal I ever heard. With all respect to Hindenburg, the Chancellor is the responsible official. The Belgian question is the principal obstacle to peace.'

Ledebour also replied to Groeber, saying that he had never known such an abdication of private judgment as the latter proposed. The Chancellor and Helfferich should say, rather: We stand or fall with our convictions. The Chancellor ought to offer our enemies peace on a basis of the *status quo* and self-determination for the Eastern nationalities.

One of Westarp's supporters outdid his leader by not only insisting upon a submarine campaign as *ultima ratio*, but by frankly endorsing a desperado policy. He would insist on the ruthless use of submarines, even should the higher army command, contrary to all expectation, advise against this. The man who thus went to the limit in championing the reckless bravado programme of his party, was Mr. Kreth. He argued: 'We cannot crush Russia by force of arms. We have underestimated the strength of France. England is becoming stronger with every day that passes. We must relinquish hope of capturing the Suez Canal. We cannot get at India. We might fight a war of exhaustion which would end by wearing out our enemies. Someone has asked: "How can we get peace again with America?" I ask: "How can we ever get peace if America remains neutral as it is today?" The next harvest will ruin us. I have an idea that the Foreign Office already expects an unfavorable peace. The only thing that can save us in this crisis is the ruthless use of our submarines. The moment could not be more favorable. So we must strike at once. People talk of the danger of a desperado policy. We Old Prussians have no fear of a desperado policy. Prussia would never have become great without desperado policies. It is often necessary to take daring risks. We need not fear America. We can accomplish nothing by kindness. We must show our teeth. We have perfect confidence in Hindenburg; but we fear he will be worked upon in every way possible before he gives his opinion. Therefore, we reserve the right to insist on our own policy.'

This committee wrangle went on all through the 9th and 10th of October. There was a bitter fight to get the submarine policy debated in the full Reichstag. Session after session was adjourned. The Chancellor interfered personally on two occasions, and vetoed a memorandum which the committee had drafted for the public. When the National Liberals finally went over to the side which opposed debating the question in open Reichstag, the Conservatives had to relinquish that idea. Bassermann thus reported to the Reichstag on October 11th.

Meantime, the Higher Army Command had decided in favor of a submarine campaign, although men supposed to be well-informed still denied this. We know of that decision from the fact—as Haase reported on October 13—that three army corps were already stationed in Schleswig-Holstein along the Danish frontier. Further reports confirmed this fact. Moreover, 3,000 military prisoners were set to work repairing and strengthening the fortresses along the Danish border. On December 23,

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Hindenburg declared that unlimited U-boat warfare was necessary, and on January 9, the Kaiser announced the final decision in the State Council. Both these facts were kept secret for the time being. At last, on January 31, the Appropriations Committee was summoned to receive an important communication.

Contrary to his usual custom, Bethmann read his speech. His voice was shrill and hoarse. It was evidently most painful for him to argue in favor of an action which he had hitherto passionately opposed. Capelle likewise was willing to promise to bring England to its knees within half a year by monthly sinkings of 600,000 tons. He again asserted: 'America is a cipher from the military point of view.' Helfferich stood up in front of a great graphic chart, and demonstrated with long columns of figures precisely the opposite of what he had demonstrated with equal thoroughness three months before,—namely that England could be starved before the next harvest and forced to sue for peace.

As Dr. David and representative Hanssen—who made these minutes—were leaving the hall together, the former said quietly and solemnly: 'This is the beginning of the end!'

TOLSTOY AND BOLSHEVISM

BY DIMITRI MERESCHKOVSKI

[We recently quoted editorially from a reply of this distinguished Russian poet, critic and historian to H. G. Wells. Mereschkovki's reputation rests in part upon his interpretative studies of Tolstoy and Dostoevski.]

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, March* 15, 16.

(BERLIN SEMI-OFFICIAL INDUSTRIALIST DAILY)

WHICH Party does Tolstoy favor? Both sides, the White and the Red, quote him in their favor, and both seem to be right. But the question is not an easy one.

Let us be more honest than our enemies and frankly admit that if we measure Tolstoy with the usual yardsticks—his ethics, his art canons, his politics, and his metaphysics—Tolstoy is not with us. At the best, he is midway between—or else above—us and our opponents.

Tolstoy stands apart from the Bolsheviki in his ethics, because he preaches nonresistance to evil and forbids all use of force. The Bolsheviki are men of violence; no one disputes that. However, his repudiation of force separates Tolstoy from us as much as it does from the Bolsheviki. We do not reject force and we are ready to take up arms against evil. In this respect, the distinction between ourselves and our opponents is merely one of degree. The Bolsheviki employ force ruthlessly. We seek to employ it in moderation.

In the Laws of Moses it is said: 'Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk.' No people have violated this law more outrageously than the Bolsheviki. We too eat the kid, although we cook it differently. Tolstoy, however, partook of nothing which had been slaughtered, no matter how it might have been prepared. He did not consider the mere degree

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of force employed a matter of importance, since he condemned all force. In any case, we cannot claim him any more than can the Bolsheviki, on a basis of his moral teachings.

Socially and politically, Tolstoy is a capitalist and a land owner. His flesh is the flesh of Old Russia. But he mortified and chastened that flesh with the same blind rage as do the Bolsheviki. They spare not Old Russia's carnal appetites; but neither did he spare them. They cast all Russia into the fire of world revolution like a withered branch. Would Tolstoy not likewise have cast it into the fire? Would he have shrunk back? Would he have realized that the body of Russia was the body of his mother? He has left no testimony of his social and political belief which enables us to say with certainty whether he would have done so or not.

Tolstoy is closest to the Bolsheviki in his aesthetics and metaphysics. I do not mean that he would endorse their show window project—the *proletkult*. He would not be guilty of their humbuggery and self-advertisement. But at heart he did feel as they feel. He responded to that popular impulse which has exalted and sustained Bolshevism. What is Bolshevism? A denial of all culture as a morbid and unnatural complication, a will to simplify, in its final analysis a metaphysical urge backward toward the condition of primitive man. But Tolstoy's genius is inspired by the same will.

Count Lev Nikolaevich wrote once to his aunt, the Countess Alexandra Andreyevna: 'You, likewise, have much of that native wildness which characterizes all the Tolstoys. It was not a mere chance that Feodor Ivanovich had himself tattooed.' Feodor Ivanovich Tolstoy was the famous 'American,' the 'Aleute' of Griboyedoff, who tried to put Rousseau's ideas into practice and to live absolutely in a state of nature.

The folly of the ancestor became the wisdom of the descendant. Tolstoy taught a reversion to nature, by denying, or at least depreciating, whatever is conventional, whatever is artificial and made by the hand of man. He repudiated culture and endorsed what is simple, natural, elemental, wild.

If a stone lies on top of another in a desert, that is excellent. If the stone has been placed upon the other by the hand of man, that is not so good. But if stones have been placed upon each other and fixed there with mortar or iron, that is evil; that means construction, whether it be a castle, a barracks, a prison, a customs house, a hospital, a slaughter house, a church, a public building, or a school. All that is built is bad, or at least suspect. The first wild impulse which Tolstoy felt when he saw a building, or any complex whole, created by the hand of man, was to simplify, to level, to crush, to destroy, so that no stone might be left upon the other and the place might again become wild and simple and purified from the work of man's hand. Nature is to him the pure and simple; civilization and culture represent complication and impurity. To return to nature means to expel impurity, to simplify what is complex, to destroy culture.

The Bolsheviki preach the destruction of the old civilization in order that a new civilization may be erected in its place. But their words are folly, deception, ignorance; their acts are all that count. We must give them credit that they understand how to destroy. The world has never before seen such destroyers.

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'The impulse to destroy is a creative impulse,' is the creed of Bakunin, Lenin, Tolstoy, Pugatchoff and Rasin.* This is the eternal Russian. If to destroy is to create, it is not an act to be feared. We can proceed to crush and annihilate the old with confidence. The new will spring up of itself. Creation and construction are spontaneous and involuntary, but our conscious and voluntary acts are destructive.

We fancied that Russia was a house. No, it is merely a tent. The nomad set up his tent for a brief period, then struck it, and is off again in the steppes. The naked, level steppes are the home of the wandering Scythian. Wherever in the steppes a black point appears and grows larger in their vision, the Scythian horde sweep down upon it and level it to the earth. They burn and ravage until they leave the wilderness to resume its sway. The craving for unbroken distances, for a dead level, for naked nature, for physical evenness and metaphysical uniformity—the most ancient ancestral impulse of the Scythian mind—manifests itself equally in Araktscheyeff,* Bakunin, Pugatchoff, Rasin, Lenin, and Tolstoy. They have converted Russia into a vacant, level plain. They would make all Europe the same—and the whole world the same.

They have destroyed Russian enlightenment, and seek to destroy world enlightenment. Tolstoy was as ready as Lenin to scoff at the 'fruits of enlightenment.' And those fruits have withered—not only the 'fruits of enlightenment' but all the fruits of the earth. The earth brings forth nothing, and men die of hunger.

Is it possible that the Russian impulse to revert to wildness will become the impulse of the whole world? It may well be. Russia has its Tolstoy; Europe has its Rousseau. Rousseau and Tolstoy were the forerunners of two revolutions. May then not also be the prophets of a single all-embracing world revolution?

Revolution from civilization back to wildness is a retrograde movement. It is metaphysical reaction; and may become the starting point of political and social revolution. Here yawns the abyss of a carnival of horrors, of reactionary terror.

From Rousseau to Tolstoy, this chasm has been widening and deepening; the impulse toward a state of nature is opening like a volcanic cleft, like a fathomless abyss. Today all Europe and the whole world are poised on the verge of this abyss.

The elemental is impersonal. The contrast between civilization and the elemental, or the state of nature, is the contrast between the personal and the impersonal. The impulse to revert to wildness is the atavistic impulse to forget our personality. That is why Tolstoy condemned Napoleon, and obscured this sun of personality the way the rain clouds of the deluge darken the sun in Heaven. The place of that radiant luminary was taken by countless little dark bodies, the drops of the countless waters, the social deluge which has already on one occasion nearly engulfed the world, and is today seeking to engulf it again. The sun of Napoleon dispersed the dark clouds of the first deluge. What sun is to disperse the dark clouds of

*Pugatchoff was a desperate robber who represented himself to be the deceased Peter III, and started a great revolt in Eastern Russia in 1773.
Rasin was a famous Volga bandit executed in 1671. Both have been honored by the Bolsheviki as great champions of freedom.

*Minister of war under Alexander I. notorious as one of the worst despots in Russian history.

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the second? That deluge is to sweep away all heights and to fill all hollows. It is to leave the globe a perfect plain. That is the will of Tolstoy and Lenin.

Not only Russia but all Europe and the whole world once drank in the teaching of Rousseau, and now drinks in the teaching of Tolstoy, as the arid earth drank in the waters of the deluge. "The timid troglodytes hid in mountain caves:" but the new troglodytes of today hide in the recesses of civilization. Bolshevism is a reversion to nature; but those who have gone wild in civilized society are powerfully attracted to a state of primitive nature. Europe having reverted to savagery, is drawn toward savage Russia.

Bolshevism is barbarism, but wearied civilization longs for barbarism as a stifling man longs for air.

Bolshevism is brutalization. But we must remember that Voltaire said: 'When I read Rousseau, I want to run about in the woods on all fours.' All Europe, when it watches the Bolsheviki, conceives a similar desire to course the forests like the beasts.

Bolshevism is nakedness; but Europe says, like the dead man in Dostoevski's *Bobok:* 'We, too, will be naked.'

Bolshevism is the pest, but Europe has already become *A Banquet During the Pest.**

Bolshevism is the end of the world; but the world wants to end.

Bolshevism is the suicide of Europe. Tolstoy inspired the act; Lenin completed it.

Are the Bolsheviki right then? Is Tolstoy one of them, and not one of us? No, but the whole story has not yet been told.

Politics, ethics, aesthetics, and metaphysics are not the yardsticks by which you can measure Tolstoy. He is incommensurable by such standards. His measure is religion. The question of war, Tolstoy considers, can only be decided by religion. He has withdrawn from us, because we have withdrawn from religion, and until we return to it, he will not rejoin us.

'Nonresistance to evil by force' may be doubtful from the point of view of ethics, but it is indisputable in religion. Ethics is progress from greater violence towards less violence, while religion repudiates all use of force. The Bolsheviki are going in opposite direction from Tolstoy and toward an opposite goal. They are substituting more violence for less violence. They are deifying force. That is how they 'seethe the kid in his mother's milk.' Theirs is not a different ethics, but a different religion. When we realize that, we see that Tolstoy is with us.

For Tolstoy, the old body of Russia is dead politically, but alive religiously. 'I recognize no distinction between myself and the peasant woman who believes in "Friday." I honor in her true faith, for I know that she does not comprehend how irrational it is to conceive "Friday" as a divinity. She strains her eyes to see, but cannot see farther than her vision reaches. Yet she is looking in the right direction. She is seeking God and she will find Him. As I feel myself one with all the common people who honestly believe, so I feel myself one with the faith of the church.' When we once comprehend this, we will understand why Tolstoy would not have cast the body of Mother Russia into the fire of world revolution like a withered branch. When we comprehend this, we find Tolstoy with us.

For Tolstoy's metaphysics, the crav-

*The title of a piece of Puschkin.

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ing to return to wildness is a bottomless abyss, the end of all civilization. However for his religion it means, indeed, the death of an old culture, but simultaneously the birth of a new culture. There cannot be a true culture or civilization without religion, just as nature could not store up the sun's heat without the sun. Passing from culture to religion is like passing from the warmth of a stove to the warmth of the sun. That is not repudiating culture and civilization, but confirming it in its highest sense.

On a knoll at Yasnaya-Polyana, where Tolstoy played as a child, he founded 'an order for the Salvation of the World,' and buried in the earth a 'green wand,' believing that when it was dug up again, the Kingdom of God would dawn upon earth.

That may be only a legend, but it is profoundly typical of Tolstoy's character. Childhood is like the Kingdom of Heaven. 'Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.' But was the ancient childhood of the world the Golden Age? No, the Golden Age lies in the future. But if we reverse our course, and become in the future as little children, and have faith in the miracle, we will, thereby, dig up the green wand and the Kingdom of Heaven will dawn upon the earth.

This is not metaphysical reaction, but religion revolution, the greatest of all revolutions. The reason why every revolution in the past has ended in an abyss of terror, is because there was no religion behind it.

Lenin's policy employs the sledge hammer of ruthless destruction, but Tolstoy's religion appeals to the green wand, to a branch from the Tree of Life, to the magician's staff of infinite creation; therefore it is not metaphysical error, but religious blasphemy to identify Tolstoy with Lenin. If we see that, we see that Tolstoy is with us.

Tolstoy's metaphysics tends toward the impersonal, the featureless; but his religion, is a secret striving toward a divine personality. That he believes literally in such a personality, we know from the evidence of Countess Alexandra Andreyevna, who knew more of his true convictions than any other person. He believed in that, but he could not express it. 'A man cannot proclaim his faith... If he does so, he commits a sacrilege.' But if he has not spoken it, we know none the less from his words and his acts that he was a follower of Him whose name cannot be spoken.

He stands with Him; with whom do we stand? Only by answering this can we finally decide whether Tolstoy is with us or not.

Countess Alexandra Andreyevna once predicted that the time would come when people would address her nephew, Lev Nikolaevich, with these words: 'Holy Leo, pray God for us.'

Is he therefore a saint? No, in spite of his greatness, he is a sinner like ourselves. Perhaps we love him for this reason more than we would were he a saint. When the saints die, they are said immediately to enter paradise without the need of having their sins burned away by the fires of Purgatory. Russian Bolshevism is Tolstoy's fire of Purgatory. All Russia is now burning in the fire of its sins. But it will not be consumed. The green wand will rescue it. Only its sins will be burned away in the purifying fire, and then will the Holy Russia of Leo arise. 'Holy Leo, pray God for us!'—until we say that, we shall not save Russia.

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WINDISCHGRÄTZ' MEMOIRS

BY COUNT BOTHO VON WEDEL

[*Count Wedel was German ambassador at Vienna during the period to which the following incidents relate, and his review of the Windischgratz' Memoirs gives us a glimpse into the chaos and discord which attended the breakup of the Central Power alliance and of the Dual Monarchy. It is, of course, an ex parte statement.*]

From *Preussische Jahrbuecher, December*, 1920.

(BERLIN CONSERVATIVE NATIONALIST HISTORICAL MONTHLY)

PRINCE LUDWIG WINDISCHGRATZ, who was Hungarian food minister during the latter part of the war and is at present a monarchist member of the Hungarian National Assembly, has published his war reminiscences under the title, *Vom roten zum schwarzen Prinzen*. During the first part of the conflict, he fought at the front. Later, he entered political life, became food minister as we have said, and just before the surrender accompanied Count Andrassy to Vienna. Official business brought him into frequent contact with Emperor Charles, and with the highest army leaders and statesmen of the country. He records his experiences, conversations, and impressions with great frankness, and is by no means sparing in his criticism of the injustice done his own country. His book has the advantage over many similar memoirs of possessing unusual literary merit. It reads like a historical romance.

Hungarian magnates who take to writing are apt to confide their materials to courtly hack writers, who do the laborious part of their task for them. Apparently this occurred in the present instance. Windischgratz kept a diary, which grew into a stately row of volumes. He seems to have put this in the hands of some hired writer and to have given him oral explanations where necessary. His writer then made a book of these materials. Obvious errors and ambiguities are to be attributed to this fact. Windischgratz, who seems to be a man of rather superficial habits read his proofs carelessly, and overlooked many blunders. He arrives at Spa, the German Headquarters, and writes: 'Spa was dead. Part of the buildings had been burned and not yet repaired.' No fighting ever occurred at Spa or anywhere in the neighborhood; and there was not a single burned building in the town. He is obviously referring to the burned and ruined buildings which every traveler finds around Liege. Apparently the man who wrote the book erroneously located them at Spa. While he was on this trip, Windischgratz called on me twice at the Vienna Embassy. Vienna was again threatened with famine. It was *vis a vis* with hunger and had no choice but to appeal for German aid. It had often done so before. Only a few weeks earlier, barges loaded with Indian corn belonging to Germany,

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and urgently needed on the Western front, had been simply confiscated as they passed up the Danube. Windischgratz calls it bluntly, 'highway robbery.' However, Germany's angelic patience and inexhaustible charity were still counted on, although this time it was felt that the circumstances demanded a rather more formal appeal than usual. So Emperor Charles wrote a letter in his own hand to Kaiser Wilhelm, and commissioned Count Fürstenberg to deliver it at Spa. Windischgratz and a representative of the Austrian General Staff were to accompany him and to handle the negotiations. The authorities at Spa suggested in the friendliest manner that Fürstenberg might as well come on alone, and the two other gentlemen go directly to Berlin, where the actual business would be arranged. Windischgratz was in a fury. Late that evening, he says, he stormed into the German Embassy, which he had visited a few days previously, in regard to the same mission. He considered that he had been insulted and describes the way he laid the matter before me as follows: 'If they are not going to deal with us at Spa, I shall make the whole thing public tomorrow in the Hungarian Parliament; and the Hungarian government, and my king, as well, will draw the proper conclusions from such a refusal. Wedel understood and at once telephoned to German Headquarters and the Imperial Chancellor. The same night a very courteous invitation came for all three of us to visit Spa.' I personally recall that visit. Windischgratz came with Fürstenberg. He was silent and very modest, as became a food minister begging for help in a serious crisis. There were no big words or open or insinuated threats. They would have been dreadfully out of place. Fürstenberg did the talking. Tactfully amiably, frankly, and with a clear mastery of all the details, he explained to me that the Spa proposal would put the Hungarian food minister in an embarrassing predicament, and even imperil the success of the negotiations. He suggested that I try to arrange the affair. I did so; and the same night Fürstenberg notified me that my intervention had been successful. Windischgratz probably explained to the man who did his writing for him just how he really felt, just what he actually thought, in his natural temperamental way; and the latter misunderstood it and incorporated it in the interview. Though he states in this place that he called upon me twice at the Embassy, later in his book he refers to having made but a single visit.

Windischgratz not only relates his own experiences, but reports incidents which he heard from others. He is often deceived in regard to the latter. For instance he says: 'My cousin, Berchtold, told me much later of an important episode which occurred on July 30, 1914. Bethmann Hollweg had been requested by the English government to transmit Grey's proposal to the Austrian minister of foreign affairs, and to urge that the ultimatum be toned down. The telegram came when Berchtold was taking breakfast with Tschirschky, the German Ambassador. This request of Grey's could not be refused. At once, therefore, Berchtold made it known to the Emperor. The latter said: 'Yes, but I must first ask Tisza.' Tisza was consulted over the telephone and gave his approval. The note went to Berlin that evening. During the interval, the mobilization had made such progress in Germany

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that Franz Joseph's conciliatory attitude was inopportune. Berlin wanted war. Consequently the note was not transmitted to England.' This book, which has only recently been published, was written as far back as the summer of 1919. The Vienna and Berlin documents appeared a little later. During the interval, Windischgratz must have learned that his cousin, Berchtold, whom he represents with cousinly kindness as impulsive, yes, even 'frivolously thoughtless,' had given him utterly false information. The truth is that Tschirschky was taking breakfast with Berchtold when Bethmann's telegram was brought to him. That telegram has now been printed verbatim. Bethmann Hollweg urged his ally strongly and vigorously to accept the English proposal. Tschirschky, who is a serious and conscientious man, more inclined to be a pessimist than an optimist, and who was deeply impressed with the danger which threatened, read the telegram to Berchtold twice and advised him emphatically to be cautious. Berchtold hastened off to the Kaiser. Tschirschky received the reply that Tisza, who was expected the next day, must be consulted; and that an answer could not possibly be given until then. Why must Tisza be consulted? He had always advocated peace. He had always urged prudence and caution; and with the temperamental decisiveness, which was his strong personal characteristic, he had from the very first vigorously opposed the ultimatum to Serbia, because he feared a world conflict. Even after Tisza was consulted, a reply was not immediately dispatched to Berlin. A telegram was only sent late in the evening, so that the German government could not receive it on July thirty-first. This telegram did not contain an acceptance of the proposal. All it stated was that Grey's request would be carefully considered. Under such circumstances a reply of this kind was practically a refusal. In a crisis like that, only the immediate and unconditional acceptance of Grey's proposal could have saved the situation. We all know now that the Austrian ambassador never submitted the delayed and noncommittal answer to the German government. It is certainly a strange proceeding, to distort truth in order to shift one's own responsibility and conscious guilt for the war—upon the enemy?—no, upon one's own ally.

Windischgratz conceived early doubts of the Dual Monarchy's power to stand the strain. He wanted peace, a peace of conciliation, and he is wrapped up in the same errors and makes the same blunders as our German pacifists. He fails to recognize that our enemies were determined to destroy us. In particular, he believes, as many Hungarians did at the time, that Hungary itself was not in danger. Even in the hour of defeat, he fancied that under any circumstances Hungary's territorial integrity would be preserved. Its enemies, however, had long before this divided up the booty in writing, and each one naturally insisted on his allotted share. The Italians demanded Austrian territory; the Serbs and Roumanians demanded the Hungarian territory already promised them. It was not until after the revolution in November, 1918, that Windischgratz learned in Switzerland that the Entente regarded 'annexations of Hungarian territory by Czecho-slovakia, Roumania, and Yugoslavia as *faits accomplis*.' He dispatched several telegrams to this effect to Budapest. Proceeding on

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the false assumption that the enemy were fighting a defensive war, he believed, as did our own pacifists, that all we needed to do was to renounce annexations, to extend a friendly hand, and to proclaim loudly our desire for peace, in order to get a peace of friendship and understanding. Such tactics produced precisely the opposite effect, and made a peace of understanding impossible. The enemy recognized from the wild way we waved our flag of truce that we were already in extremities. They wanted to reap the full fruits of the tremendous sacrifices they had made, by a peace of dictation,—the kind of a peace we later learned to know so well at Versailles, St. Germain, and Trianon. They saw they had won the game, and had no idea of letting their enemy go scot free. After a costly law suit, the winning litigant will not content himself with a single tree, when he can have a whole forest. The only way we might have got a peace with understanding, was by bitter and obstinate resistance, by fighting to the last ditch, and by hanging together the way our enemies did...It is a very prevalent error in Germany that Austria and Hungary were at the point of economic and military exhaustion in the autumn of 1918. Windischgratz, who was at the head of the Hungarian food ministry at the time, informs us that the maize crop of 1918 was large enough to carry both countries over until the next harvest.

When we made peace with Russia, the dual empire was at last able to concentrate all its forces against its heredtary enemies, the Italians. In the iutumn of 1918, the Austro-Hungarian army acquired a definite ascendency on the Italian front. In every conflict along this line, its enemies were defeated. If the morale of the Austrian army had been good, it might have marched to Rome. However, political blunders, secessionist agitation among the Slavs, and above all, Karoly's treason, demoralized the spirit of the troops; and with appalling suddenness, the military ardor of the soldiers vanished. Windischgratz reports, apparently on information derived from Frenchmen in Switzerland, that Karoly had received 5,000,000 francs to spread defeatist propaganda. This would explain the contemptuous manner in which he was treated later by General Franchet, French military commander in Hungary. The latter dealt with him as though he were a paid spy, instead of the highest official in the Hungarian government. The truth is, that Karoly in spite of his vast estate had become heavily involved in debt before the war. During the conflict, he reestablished himself financially, and constantly had large sums constantly at his disposal. He operated first among the furloughed men. Later, he sent his emissaries to troops in repose, replacement troops, and finally troops in the fighting line. It reached a point where the General Staff lost contact with the army, and Karoly practically controlled the telegraph lines along the front. He issued direct orders to the Hungarian divisions. The emperor's manifesto made that easy. He commanded our soldiers to cease fighting and come home. The Hungarians withdrew; the Czechs followed their example. Only the German-Austrian divisions remained behind, separated by wide intervals and stunned by what had happened. The Italians, who had been roughly handled during the late fighting, could not trust their eyes. They did not seize the opportunity to begin an

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immediate pursuit. When they finally realized what had occurred, they fought a sort of stage battle against a hypothetical enemy, as is done in grand manoeuvers. Advancing along a broad front, they encountered no resistance, and captured without fighting several completely isolated German-Austrian regiments. They reported this to Rome as a brilliant victory. Our allies were not exhausted economically nor defeated in open battle. They collapsed on account of political and moral disorganization. Austro-Hungary committed suicide.

Last of all, Windischgratz joined the imperial cabinet, as a department head in its Foreign Office, and right-hand man of Count Andrassy. He advocated a separate peace. Like his chief, he staked all his hopes in this last manoeuver. These Hungarian statesmen, however, overlooked two facts: in the first place, they were merely furthering the ends of their enemies, and in the second place, they deprived the monarchy of its last support, that of the Germans; for the Poles, Czechs, and South Slavs had already seceded. Our enemies had given up hope of crushing the Central Powers by force of arms. They were counting solely upon our internal collapse. The Sixtus letter suggested the hope of dividing the Central Powers, and the peace resolution in the German Reichstag showed them that the German nation itself was rent into hostile factions. After 1917, they trusted entirely to these possibilities. Vienna's tender of a separate peace was most welcome to them, for it made Germany's case hopeless. The Entente could easily impose its will on individual governments, as was shown later at Versailles, St. Germain, and Trianon. Count Andrassy evidently did not know, or did not believe, that the Entente regarded the annexation of Hungarian territory as a settled matter. Our enemies had, however, entered into binding engagements to that effect with the Serbs, the Roumanians, and even the Czechs. Bratianu's negotiations with the Entente over Roumania's compensation for joining the war were, indeed, known to the Vienna foreign office; but Andrassy and Windischgratz personally appeared to have been ignorant of them. By tendering a separate peace, furthermore, these gentlemen robbed their own monarchy of German support. It may be doubted whether a revolution could have been prevented in Vienna in any case, but their act certainly hastened it. They started the avalanche. Any man informed of contemporary conditions and sentiment in Austria knows that. The patience of the Austrian Germans had been tried to the limit. Their indignation had reached the breaking point. They felt that this last manoeuver was intended to save Hungary at the cost of the Germans; that it signified sacrificing not only the dual monarchy, but also the German people; that the Germans were being delivered over helpless to the Entente, and to its friends the Poles, Czechs, and South Slavs. It was to be foreseen that the German element in Austria would repudiate Andrassy's policy. The depth of their bitterness is indicated by Windischgratz' statement, that the proprietors of the Bristol Hotel, where Andrassy regularly stopped, and which he had made his official residence, asked him to leave the house. For a Vienna hotel to show the highest officer of the empire, its minister of foreign affairs, the door, on account of his

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policies,' is an unprecedented incident in history. The Austrians comprehended the situation better at this moment than did the Hungarians. The latter fancied, as Windischgratz confesses, that they were fighting only for Germany. The peace of Trianon finally forced them to realize that they were likewise fighting for their own existence. Hungary was regarded by the Entente as the backbone, the militant element, in the dual monarchy—due to receive the heaviest punishment, because it was primarily responsible for the conflict with Serbia and had used Germany as a tool to unchain the world war. Entente newspapers frequently expressed themselves with the utmost clarity on this point. Anyone might have known what the sentiment was, if he had taken due pains to inform himself. Windischgratz is unwilling to admit this blunder as to conditions and sentiment in Austria. He tries to shift responsibility for the Vienna collapse upon the German embassy. He says: 'Andrassy considered it his duty to request the German ambassador to confer with him as soon as he had taken office. Count Wedel came in the course of the forenoon. Andrassy described to him the critical situation of the monarchy. Count Wedel declared that he understood that perfectly, and appreciated Andrassy's position; that he approved his action. Hardly had he got back to his office, before he began a vigorous agitation, with every device at hand including money, to arouse his followers in Vienna against a separate peace. He spurred our politicians, as I learned that very evening, to attack our peace tender violently in the National Council. Nearly all the mass meetings and demonstrations at that time, where the people of Vienna despite their desperate situation clamorously demanded that we stand by Germany to the last, were organized and paid for by the German embassy. Money was placed where it did the most good. Several Socialist leaders were won over. Simultaneous demonstrations occurred in Germany; and the people of Vienna were kept in the leading strings of Berlin.'

I think I have already shown with sufficient clearness that Windischgratz is sometimes almost fantastic in his narration. The statement I have just quoted is pure fiction. That is easily proved. Andrassy never invited me to visit him. I presented myself without an invitation and rather to his embarrassment; but he could not refuse to see the German ambassador. He was very reserved in his communication. He did, indeed, say that he proposed to make an independent effort to obtain peace, by a telegram to Wilson; but he emphasized that he would do nothing that would prejudice Germany, and concealed from me his intention to tender a separate peace. I therefore did not appreciate the true situation, as my reports to Berlin proved. I did not know that a separate peace had been offered until the news was printed in the papers. Andrassy himself has publicly admitted this. In May, this year, he wrote to the *Neue Freie Presse*, in reply to General Von Cramon, who asserted that Andrassy deceived me with half truths: 'Our obligation to inform the German government of our real intentions was fulfilled by the telegram which Emperor Charles sent Kaiser Wilhelm. For that reason I did not desire to communicate my plan to the German ambassador, Count Wedel. I feared that he would exert himself at once

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to organize a violent protest.' Windischgratz states that Prince Hohenlohe, Austrian ambassador at Berlin, inquired by telephone what the step signified; and that when he learned that it was to secure a separate peace, he at once handed in his resignation. Prince Karl Fürstenberg, Austrian ambassador at Madrid, immediately resigned by telegraph when he learned of the tender of a separate peace. Windischgratz tells us of the vain efforts of the Vienna foreign office and its agents—he, himself, among them—to persuade political circles in Vienna, and particularly the newspapers, to support Andrassy's policy; but everywhere they met a direct refusal. This time, also, he holds the German embassy responsible. The newspapers felt they were 'obligated to the German embassy,' or they were inspired by it, or subsidized by it, as he reports in several places. He does me too much honor. He overestimates my influence. But it suits these Hungarian politicians better to believe and profess that their efforts failed because of the intrigues of the German embassy, than to admit that they failed because of the patriotic resentment of the German Austrians, that they miscalculated, and that their policy was an unwise one. The fact is that Andrassy's programme in Vienna was brought to naught by honest forces, namely the disinterested, patriotic sentiment of the Austrian Germans and their newspapers.

Windischgratz goes still further. He says repeatedly that reports kept coming in from every side describing the efforts of the German embassy to instigate disorders in the city. He thus imputes to me a pan-German,* the promotion of revolution in order to help the pan-German cause. Should a foreign minister descend to such puerile fairy tales as these to conceal his own failure and the fiasco of his policy? I acted with the utmost reserve during those critical days. I instructed and commanded the gentlemen of the embassy to keep away from the business part of the city, in order to avoid any excuse for giving offence. I was never a pan-German. Quite the contrary. I was in ill favor with the gentlemen of that school. The *Ostdeutsche Rundschau* and another pan-German newspaper, the name of which I have forgotten, were the only newspapers in Vienna which regularly attacked me. I entered the diplomatic career back in Bismarck's day, and have always been a follower of that leader. Bismarck consistently held that it was a vital necessity for Germany to maintain and strengthen Austria-Hungary. I adopted that article of the great statesman's creed without qualification. I was a true friend of the dual monarchy, and was recognized as such everywhere in Austria and also by responsible statesmen in Hungary. I did not adopt pan-Germanism until the old empire had fallen and there was no longer any hope of saving it. Even then, I took the view that it should be left to the free, uninfluenced action of the German Austrians, in accordance with the right of national self-determination, to decide whether they wished to join the German Republic. Our part should be limited to opening the door if our neighbor knocks, and to giving him a friendly welcome.

Windischgratz does not like the Germans. To be sure, he is unable to repress an occasional admiring comment upon Germany efficiency

*Pan-German,—i. e. an advocate of the political union of the German population of Austria with the North German empire.

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and organization; but ungracious criticism predominates in his book. He hardly alludes to what Germany did for Hungary; he does not say a syllable regarding the fact that German soldiers saved Hungary repeatedly in its hour of need, and drove the invading enemy from its borders. Hungary deserted us in the autumn of 1918. Now that country has been mutilated and exploited by the hands of the same enemies from whom we have suffered so much; and the eyes of its people have been open. The old feeling of friendship for their former allies has revived. The Magyars find themselves in the same hopeless condition as ourselves. Like the Germans, they have ceased to be an independent nation; but they are going vigorously to work to rebuild their fatherland, and the time will come when they will shake off the foreign yoke. We wish them, our old friends, every success in their courageous struggle for a better future.

The book, *Von rotem zum schwarzen Prinzen*, is a somewhat fanciful but still an important contribution to our war literature, affording plausible and interesting explanations for many incidents otherwise hard to understand; but it cannot claim to be a reliable source of history.

BUONAMICO BUFFALMACO

BY JOSEFINE GRAF-LOMTANO

From *Deutsche Presse—Korrespondenz, March* 24.

(BERLIN MISCELLANIES WEEKLY)

BUONAMICO BUFFALMACO'S roguish countenance and impish smile contrast strikingly with the sober features of his dignified colleagues among the early Florentine painters of the Thirteenth Century. He was, indeed, a merry fellow. No knight of the brush has had more mischievous tricks recorded of him. Indeed, his reputation rests almost as much on his audacious jokes as on his art.

When he was fourteen years old, he was apprenticed to a venerable old painter, Andrea Tafi. Like other old people, this aged master needed but little sleep, and he was accustomed to awaken his apprentice from his sound youthful slumbers in the middle of the night to grind colors or to tidy his studio. Buffalmaco soon tired of this and set about devising a remedy. He knew that his master was very superstitious. So he quietly captured some thirty *scarafaggi*—the immense black cockroaches which we nickname 'Schwabians' in Germany—from under a warm kitchen hearth, and with a very fine needle attached a tiny taper to the back of each. Lighting these tapers and quietly opening the door of his master's room, he released the sparkling caravan of roaches. It was just the darkest hour of the night, when Tafi usually arose and called his apprentice. When the old painter saw the mysterious little specks of light moving about on the floor, however, he remained trembling in bed. The next morning he summoned a priest, and told him, still terrified, that he had seen demons or the devil himself the night before. The sympathetic old *abatte* agreed: 'It is quite possible that the evil

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spirit is creeping about in some fiery guise about midnight. Do not have anything to do with the tempter, my son. Pull the cover over your head and keep quiet in bed.' The superstitious old man followed this advice, and from that time on Buffalmaco's rest was undisturbed.

A somewhat similar episode occurred later, when the artist had himself become a master and was living in an old Florentine residence next door to a wool dealer named Capadoca. The industrious wife of the latter used to get up and work every night, weaving wool on a noisy loom, so that the painter next door got little sleep. Thereupon that inventive genius hit upon the following device. He bored a tiny hole through the brick party wall of the two adjoining houses, just over the kitchen hearth of his neighbor's home. When the midday meal was cooking over the fire there and the good wife left it for a moment, the artist stuck a tube through the hole and blew salt into the boiling kettle. When Capadoca came back home, he was savagely angry at his over-salted food. As he was complaining of this one day to his artist neighbor ,the latter observed: 'That's nothing surprising. I can't conceive how your wife can keep on her feet and attend to her domestic duties after working all night long at a loom. You insist on her taking a good night's rest, and her cooking will be all right.' This struck the wool dealer as a good idea. He forbade his wife weaving at night, and the shrewd artist thereafter slept in peace.

Buffalmaco's reputation as a painter grew. The City of Perugia commissioned him to paint a picture of its patron saint upon the walls of the city hall in the piazza. He had scarcely begun to work when the curious idlers flocked from every side, and kept asking him if he would not soon be finished. He became indignant at these constant interruptions, and decided to have his revenge. When he had completed the painting, he let the impatient spectators look at it. They were especially delighted at a wonderful golden crown on the head of the saint. Buffalmaco enjoined them: 'Leave the covering over the picture for several days until the colors are perfectly dry.' Then he collected his money, put a few finishing touches on his work, and disappeared from the city over night. When, after what was considered sufficient delay, the coverings were taken off of the picture, it was discovered that the artist had painted a diadem of fish tails on the saint instead of the golden crown. Tremendously angry, the people of Perugia sent horsemen after him, but were not able to overtake him. So they had to employ another artist to remove the disgraceful head gear from their saint.

On another occasion, Buffalmaco was painting a Madonna at Calcinaie. It had been ordered by a wealthy country gentleman who was dissatisfied with the picture when it was done and criticised the artist outrageously. Thereupon, Buffalmaco one night changed the child in the arms of the Madonna into a little cub, using water colors for this purpose. When the superstitious countryman, appalled at this sacrilege, begged the artist for Heaven's sake to remove the monster, and offered him double pay for doing so, the painter wiped the bear away with a sponge, leaving the laughing Christ Child in its place.

Rumor did not travel as fast in those days as it does now. Certainly

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if the pious nuns of Fienza had suspected what a mischief Buffalmaco was, they would hardly have commissioned him to paint the massacre of the innocents at Bethlehem for their cloister church. The artist began his task whistling and in his shirt sleeves. The nuns objected to his careless attire, and begged him to be a little more proper. Thereupon, he secretly constructed a great wooden doll, clothed it most respectably with a long mantle and velvet cap, put a brush in its hand, and stuck it up on the scaffold above the high altar. The cloister sisters were greatly pleased at first by the respectable appearance of their painter as well as by his seeming industry. However, as they watched longer, they discovered their error. Buffalmaco laughingly came out from behind the altar where he had concealed himself, and informed the astonished nuns that an artist ought not to be judged by his attire. When the painting was approaching completion, the nuns thought that the faces in it appeared too pale and yellow. The artist remarked: 'You mustn't be surprised at that. I have no red wine for mixing my colors.' He had discovered that the abbess had some excellent red wine in the cloister cellar. The good nun thereafter provided the painter with an abundance of this, which he naturally disposed of where it did most good. Meantime, however, he put blooming cheeks on all the faces in his composition.

On one occasion, this incorrigible joker was himself the victim of a most unexpected joke. Bishop Quido of Arezzo, called him to his court to paint the frescoes in his private chapel. Now the Bishop had a pet ape, which he permitted the freedom of the palace. On one occasion it got into the chapel unobserved, and watched the painter most attentively as he was mixing his colors and breaking eggs, the whites of which he used as a binding medium for painting in distemper. This was just about the time when the magnificent decorations were completed and the wearied artist took a Sunday's rest. When he came Monday morning to look over his work, he was beside himself with fury. The whole painting had been crisscrossed with brush strokes and ruined with a horrible mixture of impossible colors. The indignant artist swore that some envious rival had done him this unworthy trick. He begged the Bishop to let him have six strong and well-armed men from the palace guard, and concealed himself with these men in a hidden place in order to catch the malefactor when he returned to enjoy his triumph. So they secretly waited for some time behind the Bishop's huge confessional, ready to seize the evil doer. At last the door opened and the ape came in with a most dignified air, swung himself lightly up on the wooden scaffolding without looking around, and for a long time surveyed the picture with a most serious and meditative air. Then he mixed all the colors in reach in a single jar, broke all the eggs and poured them—naturally with the yokes—into the same jar, stirred them up, took a brush with a most professional manner, and with bold strokes, resumed his futurist labors. Slap on slap, the brush went against the wall. A still unbroken egg yoke flew against the cheek of a trumpeting angel, making it seem suddenly to break into uproarious laughter. Buffalmaco and his companions likewise exploded with mirth. The ape had taken advantage of Sunday, when there

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was no one on the scaffold, to imitate everything he had seen the artist do. The Bishop, who immensely enjoyed the joke, compensated the artist well for his ruined work and commissioned him to start it over. However, Buffalmaco wrote him: 'It would not be right for Your Eminence hereafter to employ an outsider to paint for you, since you already entertain such an excellent and finished artist in your own household.'

ALSACE-LORRAINE TODAY

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

From *The London Outlook, March* 19, 26

(CONSERVATIVE POLITICAL WEEKLY)

WITH flags, speeches and mass meetings, the second anniversary of the liberation of Alsace and Lorraine was celebrated throughout the re-conquered lands last November. Two months later the writer spent some days in the historic provinces for which France and Germany have struggled for generations. One of the first comments he heard was this, from a French official:—

"The Germans tried for forty-seven years to Germanise Alsace-Lorraine, and they failed. What the Germans could not accomplish in forty-seven years we French have done in two."

This mordant remark was, of course, an overstatement. Gallic wit could not resist a good epigram. But I found Alsace-Lorraine seething with grievances, and the mass of the people in a state of mind most disappointing to an outsider who had pictured the two provinces in war-time as groaning under German rule and waiting anxiously for liberating *poilus*. Probably the people did groan anxiously and long for the French. The curse of this borderland is that the French and German temperaments mix like oil and water, and yet your average inhabitant has a good deal of both in his blood.

It is not easy to get at the German view-point in Alsace or Lorraine. The German element lives under terror of denunciation and deportation, and anti-French talk has been regarded by the French authorities as sufficient reason to give a man and family forty-eight hours to leave the country, with permission to take not more than fifty pounds of hand baggage. Thanks, however, to introductions to leading residents obtained elsewhere, the writer found a certain number of malcontents who were willing, with precautions, to discuss their grievances.

The tables have indeed been turned; a few years ago it was the patriotic French irreconcilables who used to pull down their blinds, bolt their doors, and sing "The Marseillaise" in passionate whispers.

Before the war, in a play called "Alsace," I heard the late Mme. Réjane as an Alsatian patriot bring a British audience to its feet by her portrayal of such a scene, ending with the great French song chanted below the breath so no lurking German might hear. Last week, in Strasburg, I was present in an Alsatian home when the same scene was enacted.

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This time the song was *'Die Wacht am Rhein.'*

The ordinary, plain bourgeois folk who sang it were risking ruin, deportation with the loss of all their property if they were caught. Mme. Réjane was a great dramatic artist; but the genuine passion and hatred of those Germans flowed into the words of their hymn, and one woman especially seemed as impressive in her "part" as the French actress had been.

Such is the irony of history; the German population lives now, as the French lived for forty-seven years, waiting for the "day of deliverance," believing that it will dawn, if not upon them, upon their children. But the "German" population, like the "French," is a minority. The bulk of the people are neither fanatically German nor French; they grumble against France now as they used to grumble against Prussia, and would again if the Germans came back.

The atmosphere in Alsace-Lorraine is not one which favours the collection of facts upon the actual economic or political condition of the country. To collect such facts was my mission. I found nineteen persons out of twenty either afraid to talk at all, if on the one side, or, if French, inclined to deny or refuse to discuss some of the unpleasant features evident to a casual but unprejudiced eye.

After a prolonged effort to sift the kernels of truth out of masses of lies and evasions, it is possible to present a summary of the actual grievances of the German element, of the complaints of the mass of the people who are not violently pro-German, and of the French answers to these things, and the reasons the French give why things are not better.

Immediately after the French occupation in 1918 deportations of German residents commenced. Men who had lived with their families for thirty or forty years in the same house were cleared out on forty-eight hours' notice, allowed to take fifty pounds of hand luggage, compelled to sacrifice all their property or to sell it in a few hours for next to nothing.

The most conservative figures indicate that more than 75,000 persons have been sent across the Rhine since the armistice. These deportations the Germans contrast with their own behaviour when they annexed Alsace-Lorraine in 1871. The inhabitants were given nearly eighteen months in which to decide whether they would be German or French, and it was not until September 30, 1872, that the 45,000 persons who refused to live under Prussian rule as Germans were sent across the frontier into France.

German residents claim that by dismissing all the German-trained officials and installing French officials, often brought in from outside, who frequently do not know German, the Paris Government has thrown the internal administration into a hopeless muddle. Considering that 85 per cent. of the people before the war spoke German as their mother tongue, the outlawing of the German language in the civil service and the courts is pronounced unfair.

In the schools, from which all teachers other than those who belonged to the French party before the war have been dismissed, a constant struggle of rival propagandas is in progress. Since the Germans did not allow teachers of known French sympathies, most of the present instructors are natives without experience, or teachers brought from outside.

There exists a constant "sabotage"

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of the German language in the schools, the Germans claim. But the French have not forbidden the teaching of German, as the Germans in 1872 outlawed French. Daudet's classic short story of the last French class in an Alsatian school, and the old master, who, unable to speak, wrote *"Vive la France!"* on the blackboard as he left the room, thus has no counterpart to-day.

There has been a religious struggle in the schools of which German Catholics make much, but in which they appear to have won a partial victory. Out of a population of 1,449,000 in Alsace-Lorraine, 1,310,000 are Catholics, and their children have always received religious instruction from the State. This issue cuts across the German-French quarrel; almost all the people are Catholics. Accordingly, when the French Government in 1918 and 1919 attempted to apply to Alsace and Lorraine the rules obtaining in French schoo s against religious teaching, they met with a storm of opposition not only from the German element but from the French, and have partially given way.

Some religious instruction is permitted. French Catholics profess themselves satisfied; German Catholics make constant complaints against restrictions and the "impious" and "atheistical" tendencies of the education authorities.

"There is no justice; there is one law for the French, another for ourselves," was a complaint I heard many times. An example is the alleged fact, told me by several Germans, that when the French Government at great cost to the Treasury agreed to transfer bank balances of the inhabitants from marks into francs, it took care to see that none of the "disaffected element" should be benefited.

At the time this was done a franc was worth from two to three marks. But unless, in the opinion of the French officials of the district, a man was politically 'sound," his balance remains in marks; if indeed he can get at it at all. I repeat this charge under reserve; I do not intend in this story to retail all the charges against the French I heard; many of them are palpably false, but this one came from many sides, and I got no satisfactory explanation in French quarters.

The health and sanitary conditions of the country are declining rapidly under French rule, German sympathisers declare. The former inspectors and Boards of Health have been dismissed, most of them sent across the Rhine. Their places are unfilled, or filled by incompetents. As a result, diseases which before the war were rife in French villages just across the border, but had been unknown for a generation in Alsace and Lorraine, are creeping back. The German Army used to compile statistics relating to the physical condition of each batch of recruits obtained from the smallest locality; if the figures showed results below normal, army medical experts were at once despatched to find out what was wrong and put things right. Such measures are taken no longer.

The economic grievance is the one of which the Germans in Lorraine make most. In the iron, coal and salt mines the workers remain, but nearly all the foremen and managers were Germans, and have either lost their jobs or been deported. French technical experts were brought in, who, whatever their qualifications elsewhere, did not know these mines. The

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outgoing Germans told them as little as possible.

In any case, an orgy of inefficiency in management is said to have resulted, and still continues. What the Germans lay to French inefficiency the French retort is due to German sabotage. Output is half or less than half that under German rule, and those of the miners who are Germans heartily despise their new French bosses. Much the same condition of affairs prevails in the coal mines of the Saar plebiscite area.

I went to the French authorities in Strasburg and Colmar in Alsace and in Metz in Lorraine, and asked for French views as to the progress of the provinces.

"Give us time!" is the burden of the French answer to all complaints and criticisms. They point out, and justly, that in all countries Governments are blamed for unavoidable post-war conditions. A French manager of a Lorraine coal mine, a moderate and well-informed man, said:—

"Everywhere in the world people denounce their rulers because things were not as they were. But here, consider what a chance to vent their spleen the people have! Instead of blaming the party in power, they can blame the country in power. Of course, things are not as they were before the war, or even during the war, when Alsace-Lorraine was the spoiled darling of Germany, kept stocked with food and petted in every way.

"So the people say to each hardship: 'It is those damned French! If we only had the Germans back they would do so-and-so, as they did in the old days!' Of course we are much better off than we could be under the Germany of the present time, but the people do not know that."

The grievances of the people at the price of food and goods are laid by the German element, and by many of the ignorant classes who have no politics, at the door of the French. The poor especially grumble and contrast prices now in francs with what they used to be in marks. Germany profits by such comparisons. But a French Town Councillor in Colmar said, probably justly, that the Paris authorities in a desire to stifle discontent have treated Alsace and Lorraine in the matter of food even better than the rest of France; while he pointed out that France has shown her desire to conciliate her re-won provinces by making them a gift, at a cost of hundreds of millions of francs, of French money in exchange for German.

He shrugged his shoulders when asked whether the banks had paid francs for marks to German sympathisers. "It is the Germans who owe us money, not we who owe them," he said.

Complaints of the inefficiency of French administration as compared with German are either denied, or else the temporary confusion and a quiet sabotage on the part of German sympathisers are pleaded in palliation. That the French rule is inefficient, by comparison, appears indubitable. But there is fairness in the French request for time before they are too harshly judged.

Apparently by order, French officials will not discuss the deportations. In such quarters I found a tendency to admit that there had been too many deportations in the early days after the armistice. "*Trop de zele*," said a leading French resident in Strassburg with a shrug.

The French case here is that all German officials in Alsace and Lorraine

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were trained propagandists of the German Government, who if they were left undisturbed would constantly intrigue and plot. So they had to go. German commercial men would have planned to retain and spread German commercial influence. So they had to go. German professors in Strassburg University, and all German educators down to the teachers of country schools, would have continued to preach *Kultur* and poison the youthful mind. So they had to go.

But having said so much, several Frenchmen half apologetically explained that the deportations have practically stopped, and evidently hoped that as little as possible might be said about what has become an unpleasant subject.

A pathetic incident in a village in Lower Alsace will indicate how the economic life of the country was upset at bottom as well as at the top by the deportations. It is the wife of the landlord of a tiny hotel which boasts seven rooms who speaks:—

"Schultz was a German and we are French. We never met socially. But Schultz kept the provision store on the corner and we traded there for thirty years. He was a German, but he was an honest man. The war came, and then Mrs. Schultz one morning came in here, crying. She had never been inside the door before except to carry goods. This time her two children were with her, and they were crying too.

"She told me Schultz had to leave in forty-eight hours. They had to go with him. Just because he was a German. He had to leave everything —the bank offered him only a fifth of what his shop is worth. I ask you, monsieur, was it right? And then in a week came a wretched scoundrel from over there (pointing to France). He sells bad stuff, he gives bad weights, he charges twice, three times what Schultz charged. He is a thief, *monsieur*. Do you not think some day the laws will change and Schultz can come back to us again? It is his shop, monsieur. They stole it from him."

That woman is pro-French to the backbone. One of her sons crossed the frontier in 1914 and fought in the French army. She is still pro-French and does not want the Germans back. But she wants Schultz. Alsace and Lorraine were full of Schultzes.

There has been some small agitation in Strassburg and other towns by pro-French persons disgusted with the present régime, joining with pro-Germans who think Germany is now *kaput*, who want the Provinces of Alsace and Lorraine turned into an autonomous buffer State between France and Germany. This was seriously debated during the war when it seemed that the struggle might end in a draw, but the movement is not now taken seriously by the French authorities or any oue of either side with whom I talked.

The police do not even break up the meetings or take special measures to suppress the pamphlets of the "Independence" Party, but confine their energies to combating German propaganda. The "Independents," I was told, do not number more than a few thousands in the two provinces, not because many persons would not welcome such a solution, but because they realise its impracticability.

One of the most important economic grievances held by the liberated provinces against the politicians in Paris has to do with the trade of the Rhine between Strassburg and Antwerp. These grievances are held by French and German factions alike. I was

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assured there that Strassburg can be made the greatest transhipment point for Central Europe if Paris will adopt a reasonable policy and permit goods to come up the Rhine from Antwerp without levying heavy customs dues on them.

The Belgians are no less irritated than the Alsatians, and constant conferences are going on both in Strassburg and Antwerp. The general opinion seems to be that Paris will give way and an arrangement approaching free trade be established, thus helping to revive the present stagnnnt trade of Antwerp and proving a great boon to Lorraine and Alsace.

Under the terms of the peace treaty the ports of Strassburg and Kehl, which is directly across the river, are united for the present. In other words, the Germans, until the treaty has been carried out, are not permitted to use Kehl. Part of the German river fleet on the Rhine has also been awarded to the French, though by no means so much as they wanted.

M. Robert Mathis, President of the Strassburg Chamber of Commerce, explained the plans and hopes of the port for an important commercial future under the new regime. The union of the ports of Strassburg and Kehl, he pointed out, stifles possible competition from the German state of Baden, across the river, while the suppression of customs taxes on merchandise arriving at Strassburg from Antwerp by the Rhine will make Strassburg the seaport of east France.

"By her return to France," said M. Levy, Deputy Mayor, "Strassburg becomes the seaport of the east and a part of the south-east of France; we ought to furnish these parts with coal, cereals, petrol, manure and phosphates, mineral and vegetable oils; and from these regions we should be able to export abroad, aside from manufactured products, potash, soda, wines and perhaps ores."

M. Mathis pointed out that Strassburg will be in the future not only the great Alsatian port, but the most advanced citadel of the economic interests of all France. In the new commercial fight with Germany which will succeed the war of bayonets, he said, the port will play an important part. "We have the French Rhine," he said. "We will soon have boats, thanks to the peace treaty, but we still lack a French *personnel* to organise French navigation. We must have a school of pilotage to render us entirely independent of our enemies, and even of our friends."

So far as I could learn, these rosy dreams for the future of the Port of Strassburg have not yet commenced to be translated into reality. This is due in part to the delay in settling the terms of the treaty in assigning river boats to the French, but still more to the customs difficulties between Belgium and France. The former problem has now been settled, but the latter remains.

It appears true that the economic prosperity of Alsace and Lorraine depends greatly upon the free and uninterrupted traffic with Antwerp, and there is much bitterness in Strassburg because of the delays of the French Government in arranging matters with the Belgians. A "Committee Antwerp-Strassburg" has been formed consisting of business men in both ports to try and bring pressure on their respective Governments to open the gates to the waiting trade.

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THE DIVAGATIONS OF A BIRD-LOVER

BY LT.-COMMANDER E. HILTON YOUNG,
D. S. O., D. S. C., M. P.

From *The Cornhill Magazine, April*
(ENGLISH LITERARY MONTHLY)

THE Greek mythologist thought that birds were worthy to share with the Muses the slopes of Parnassus; but Parnassus is a remote hill, and it is only too easy to spend a life-time without ascending it, or hearing the song of either the Muses or the birds. It was only about a year ago, while I was walking in a lane near Marlborough, that I first noticed the existence of birds with any very particular attention. My eye was caught by a small one that sat upon a rail and said 'crash!' at long intervals, very distinctly. It seemed a pleasantly easy form of conversation, so I sat down and replied to the little bird in the same strain, and while I talked to it I made a mental note of its appearance. Some time later I went to South Kensington in order to see if I could identify what sort of little bird it was, and after a long and exhausting search, I did so. It was the Golden Honey Bird (I think that was the name), which is a native of Central Australia. There could be no doubt about it. The common bunting was rather like it, too, and, having since met many common buntings, I must admit that they all said 'crash!' in just the same way. But the bird in the museum that was most like my friend in the lane was the Golden Honey Bird, and that is the sensational sort of adventure that one often has when one starts to notice birds.

I was a good deal encouraged by my remarkable success at this, my first step towards Parnassus. Few can have added a new species to the British fauna with the very first bird that ever caught their attention. I took to noticing birds wherever I went, and to visiting the Museum in order to identify them, and for a time I maintained the high standard of my first observation. Clearing my mind of all preconceptions as to probabilities, which was certainly the scientific thing to do, and making my identifications simply on the evidence of appearance, I found at first that I had been seeing Arctic blue-throats, Indian bee-eaters, citril finches, humming birds, Iceland falcons, and many other unusual species. But observations so remarkable grew fewer and fewer as time went on, and I found that more and more I was seeing only thrushes, blackbirds, and greenfinches. Now they have stopped altogether; and I count myself lucky if in the course of a day's walk I can identify with certainty anything more pleasing than a chaffinch or a sparrow. The age of reality has succeeded to the age of romance; and I sigh for the days of last summer, when there was an Icterine Warbler on every twig. 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

Birds, I have learned, are very difficult to see. They will not sit still for a minute; they are for ever

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flying off; and it is no good running after them—they can fly a great deal faster than I can run, So far as their appearance goes, I should say that they fall into two divisions: sizable birds which can be distinguished from each other. and little brown birds which cannot. The limiting case, as mathematicians used to say, and do still for all that I know, is the starling. Anything bigger than a starling can and ought to be identified, and it is not safe to draw upon one's imagination about it in company—one may be found out. Anything smaller than a starling is at one's disposal for imaginative treatment. It will have flown away long before anybody can be certain enough about it to venture upon a contradiction; and, in any case, it is ten to one that it is a sparrow. There are, however, some simple rules that help to give an air at least of verisimilitude to the assertions that one makes to oneself or to others about the identity of little brown birds. Anything that stands on its head or runs about upside-down is a tit. Anything that is obviously not plain brown, but has black and white about it, and does not stand on its head, is a chaffinch, but sometimes it is a wagtail. Anything that is plain brown and is certainly not a sparrow, is a warbler of some sort, as likely as not; and so on. But on the whole the identification of little brown birds by the eye alone is an impossible business, and it must be left to experts and to patient people with field-glasses.

It is to the ear rather than to the eye that birds reveal themselves when one first begins to notice them, and the best new pleasures that their acquaintance brings are pleasures of hearing, and not of sight. Before my experience of conversion to ornithology, in the lane near Marlborough, by the Golden Honey Bird (or was it a common bunting?) I was aware only, with the poet, that at times the air of the country-side was filled with a 'sweet jargoning.' Afterwards, the jargoning began gradually to sort itself out into an articulate chorus of recognisable voices and parts. When I entered a wood, for instance, that was frequented by song-birds, their singing, that at first seemed so wildly confused, became after a moment or two a concert of individual minstrels: Treble, alto, tenor and bass; wrens, blackcaps, blackbirds and wood-pigeons; the part of each could be distinguished, and the ability to distinguish them brought with it a great increase in that sense of intimacy with the proceedings of nature, in which lies the keenest pleasure that can be had from natural things. But the ability was very difficult to acquire. If there is a royal road to knowledge about the song of birds, I have not found it. Books are no good. The writers of the standard books about birds must have very good eyes. They can tell between a Marsh Tit and a Willow Tit without any difficulty, and that is more than some of us can do even when we have got the two in our hands. But they do not seem to have very good ears. I do not think that any of the standard writers say anything about songs and call-notes that is of any service at all in helping a beginner to identify them. They describe them so badly. It does not really help one to be told that a certain bird says 'chow-chow! chiddy-chiddy!' One knows that as a matter of fact no bird ever did say that, or any words to the like effect. Sometimes, too, they make definite mistakes. There is one standard work,

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for instance, which says that the song of the robin is 'musical, but of no great compass.' I say, on the contrary, and I wager that anybody who has ever listened to a robin's song with attentive ears will bear me out, that the chief characteristic of it is that its compass is exceptionally great. Most birds sing very small intervals, even a blackbird seems to confine himself to a fifth for the whole of his range, but a robin often sings an octave or more. Perhaps the author when he wrote 'compass' meant something else, such as *répertoire*, or execution. The robin, his best friends must admit, is a little lacking in both of these; but in compass he is a wonder.

Books are no good; and science, in truth, has no way in which it can teach us much about birds' song. Perhaps it will have one some day, if it thinks it worth while, and can persuade a nightingale to sit and sing to a gramophone. A nightingale will be the easiest bird for it to persuade, because of its affection for suburban back gardens, which must have long since deprived the gramophone of all terrors for it. But until that day comes, birds' song is for the most part pure folk-lore, and the only way in which to acquire it is to sit at the feet of some tenant of the tradition. I have learned most of the little that I know from such a tenant, a small girl of ten. When she in her turn received the tradition I do not know; but she knows so much and with such precision that I think she must have received it from some bird, some wise old starling, it may be, who gave her private lessons in his hedge-school, enlivening them, after the manner of starlings, with illustrative imitations of all the other birds. Her knowledge is folk-lore, pure and simple. She will not reason with me about the information that she gives—like Browning, she only knows.

'What is that singing now?' I ask.
'That is a blackcap.'
'How do you know it is a blackcap?'
'Because that is how a blackcap sings.'

It is extraordinarily convincing, and I would no more doubt her statements than I would doubt the multiplication table. I feel, indeed, that in these conversations we are touching that fringe of instinctive apprehension in which the French philosopher expects to find the ultimate reality.

It was from her that I learned to know apart all the usual songs of field, wood and hedgerow; and on her instruction I have based a generalisation that may be of use to other beginners. It is that there are two schools of songster, those that sing and those that warble. The first utter definite phrases which they repeat over and over again, always the same phrases, although often in a new order. One can memorise them and recognise them at once. The second just make a jolly noise, more or less musical as the case may be. They have characteristic intervals and tones of voice by which they can be identified, but to me it is impossible to commit their songs to memory. In the first class are the thrush, blackbird, wren, nightingale, the finches when they sing at all, and buntings, if they can be called songsters; and in the second are the blackcap (*facile princeps*), whitethroat, and all the other warblers strictly so called, the hedge-sparrow, the lark, and the pipits. Outside these two schools there are the cheerful shouters who make no pretence to song:

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crows, pigeons, owls, woodpeckers, plovers and waders, gulls, cuckoos, hawks, waterfowl, and ducks.

In the first school, the school of the formal singers, the nightingale is of course, much the most celebrated, but I confess to an inability to understand why he should be rated so high as he is. There is something half-hearted and tentative about his song that makes me feel, when I hear him, as if I were hearing a great singer indeed, but one who is practising and not performing. He sings as if he were thinking all the time about voice-production and the notes; and often the strain is left half-finished. And then, although it may be admitted that he ranks with any *prima donna*, it is, I fear, a *prima donna* of the German or Wagnerian school. He cannot leave his voice alone to express whatever the music has in it: he must for ever be forcing the emotion. One who prefers the Italian school of song to the German can have no hesitation in rejecting the claims of the nightingale in favour of those of the wren. In the wren's song there is no artificial forcing of the emotions, no reliance on sentimental tremolos, or on exaggerated crescendoes and diminuendoes. He lets his voice sing the music as the music wishes to be sung, with perfect simplicity, and yet his technical brilliance is certainly not inferior to that of the nightingale; he can produce a trill that puts the nightingale to shame. He is a fine example of the beautiful old *bel canto* school of singing, and it is a pleasure to hear him after the slipshod performances that one hears, sometimes from the nightingale, and only too often from the other formal singers. For it must be admitted that those others—thrushes, blackbirds, and the rest—are not to be compared with these two. They are inferior to the nightingale in beauty of tone, and far inferior to the wren in beauty of execution

The fine qualities of the wren's song make it almost the easiest of all to identify; and the little hard, dry, toneless 'reel' that always comes in the middle of it ought to make it impossible not to do so. But there are so many minor and subtle variations in the song of any bird that if one listens to any strain long and carefully one may begin to doubt, however familiar the performer may be, whether one is not listening to something never heard before. Being of late on a visit to East Anglia, I was frequently greeted at early dawn by a bird of the formal school that sang loudly from a pine-tree near my bedroom window. The oftener I heard it, the less I was able to recognise it. I described it as well as I could to my Egeria, and I assured her that whatever else it was, it was not a wren. A wren at least I knew. She listened to my illustrative warblings, and said that it was a yellow-hammer. That was neither complimentary to my powers of song, nor, as I knew, was it true; so I was reduced to the forlorn hope of trying to identify the bird by sight. I lay in wait for it and saw it quite close, a tiny bird that crept about amongst the matted branches with its tail in the air. A wren it was; but I will maintain that it was a wren with a strong East Anglian accent, and easily to be mistaken by one used only to the honest Wessex of the Wiltshire wren.

To produce anything on paper that will convey even a remote impression of the notes of any of the second or informal school of songster is all but impossible. Gilbert White alone has done it, in a much-quoted passage

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about the 'very sweet, but inward melody' of the blackcap. The magical touch of truth which that passage conveys depends, I think, on the word 'inward.' The blackcap does always seem to be singing to himself. He is not practising, like the nightingale, or performing, like the wren: he is singing to himself, like a poet or a child, and his thoughts, like theirs, are elsewhere while he sings. This must have been the bird of which Milton was thinking when he wrote of Shakespeare, the 'inward' poet, as 'warbling his native wood-notes wild.' More practically, a characteristic of the song which helps to distinguish it from others with which it may sometimes be confused—that for instance, of the whitethroat, or that of the hedge-sparrow with its shriller pipe and different rhythm—is the great pace at which it is sung. A blackcap always sings *prestissimo*. But indeed it rates those other songs too high to suggest that they can ever be taken by any attentive listener for this 'full, sweet, deep, loud, and wild pipe.' It is the very voice of Spring, the theme to which the woodland flowers and the young green leaves of trees are pictorial illustrations. Only to have learned to hear it is worth ten times over the little time which it takes to notice the song of birds. For the sake of those fine words of his about it, one can forgive Gilbert White for the hard thing that he said about the blackcap's poor relation, the whitethroat. He said that its song was 'mean.' So, and with no more truth, might one say that Chaucer was mean in comparison with Shakespeare. In comparison with the song of the blackcap, that honest, copious strain which the whitethroat sings so tirelessly from hedges, plants, trees, fences, and telegraph wires, and even from the air, is harsh and primitive enough; but it is racy of the soil, and one should be grateful if only for the generosity with which it is lavished. The blackcap is a costive poet, that must await an inspiration, but the whitethroat gives himself no such air and graces. It is his business to sing and sing he does, at all times and everywhere. Harsh as his song is, too, there is yet a lovely little lilt at the end of it that bears witness to his cousinhood with the greater artist. We might picture the despised whitethroat and the glorious blackcap as the two singers in that neglected masterpiece 'A Judgment in Heaven.'

> Swayed and parted the globing cluster so, disclosed from their kindling marge
> Roseal-chapleted, splendent vestured, the singer there where God's light lay large.
>
> Hu, hu! a wonder! a wonder! see, clasping the singer's glories clings
> A dingy creature, even to laughter cloaked and clad in patchwork things.
>
> The hallowed harpers were fain to frown on the strange thing come 'mid their sacred crew,
> Only the singer that was earth his fellow-earth and his own self knew

His fellow-earth must have an intimate and charitable affection for the whitethroat and his unassuming lays.

It is extraordinarily fascinating gradually to sort out from the medley of bird-noises all the more characteristic notes: the buglecall of the blackbird, the repetitions of the thrush, the boring commonplaces of the chaffinch, the dry discourse of the sedgewarbler, and the thin sweet treble of the linnet. After a time the confusion becomes resolved, and where before one heard mere noise, one hears now the chiffchaff twanging the two notes of his zither, the night-jar spinning, the great tit sawing, and the robin winding his

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clock. After I had sorted all these out, I realised that a great part of the residuum of unidentified sounds was made up of a little song that I was hearing everywhere. The singer had a very noticeable quality of voice, small in volume and low in pitch, but flute-like and mellow: and it was to be heard in almost any place in which there were trees. I asked Egeria about it, and she came with me and listened to it. 'There it is now,' I said, 'you notice in particular how sad it is. It sinks mournfully down through about a tone and a half, and faints and fades away. It has a dying fall, like the sweet south.'

'That is the willow-warbler.'

'The willow-warbler! How can it be? My standard text book says that the willow-warbler has a "merry song": and this is the most plaintive sound in the world.'

But a willow-warbler it was: we managed to see it, the slim little olive thing, flitting about on the lower twigs of a white poplar; and I thought to myself, when I noticed how it would peck an insect off a leaf as it fluttered on the wing before it, that in its person I was probably meeting again the humming-bird of my early and sensational observations. But how can the book call its song merry? It might as well call the wild-duck tuneful, or the skylark sad. There is another thing, too, that it says about the bird that does not seem to be true; it says that its underparts are yellowish white. I cannot see the least trace of yellow in them, and altogether I think that the book is not at its best about the willow-warbler.

When, in spite of the book, I had identified the song of the willow-warbler, there still remained for me a residuum of unidentified bird-noises, but a small one. There still remained —and there still remains. What are they, those unknown warblings and flutings, and especially the high, thin cheepings and pipings that often fill the tops of the trees? I do not know and perhaps I never shall know. They are full of mysteries so baffling that sometimes one has to turn from them in order to encourage oneself by attending to the easily identified outcries of the shouters.

Of the shouters, as distinguished from the singers, I think that the woodpeckers make the most interesting noises. The yaffle cacchinates like a maniac, the spotted woodpeckers snore (I believe they do it by hammering with their bills) and the wryneck whinnies in a nasal tone, rather like an old Frenchwoman laughing. When Egeria taught me this noise, she told me that there was only one other bird that made a noise at all like it, and that was a kestrel, an uncommon bird, and so I could always be quite safe about the wryneck. Soon afterwards I was walking with a companion across a scrubby heath, and after the manner of the newly converted I was handing on to him my new doctrine. I had identified some songs for his benefit with an assumed certainty that was greater than any that I really felt, and I was nervous of detection, when from a hedge of aged thorns near by there sounded that unmistakable whinny. This at least is absolutely certain, I thought, and I undertook to show my companion the wryneck. We stalked the bird, and when we were within a few yards of it, it sailed off with a last derisive cackle; and it was a kestrel after all, so obviously and unmistakably a kestrel that I had not the face to brazen it out, and to assert, even to the most

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inexpert of companions, that it was a wryneck. For a moment I thought of giving it up and taking to botany. But after all we live to learn, and the charm of these lower slopes of Parnassus is in the discoveries and surprises that await one there.

One of the most surprising discoveries that I made at the beginning of my apprenticeship to birdcraft was that birds do not sing all the year round, and that the best of them sing for a few months only in the spring—April, May, and June—and in July the countryside is all but silent again. Now that I know how short the time is, it is annoying to think of all the springs that I wasted before my conversion in the Marlborough lane. As I walk in the country, when spring is over, with nothing to hear but the yellow-hammers yawning, and the greenfinches, with their limited sense of humor, repeating *ad nauseam* their vulgar imitation of incidents of a Channel crossing, and as I reflect on how long it will be before the willow-warblers sing again, I moralise over my sinful days, before I came out of Egypt, and I could almost start a revivalist campaign on the text 'Listen to the voice of the blackcap, before it is too late!'

At any rate, no more opportunities shall be let slip. Next spring I am going to clear up the hedge-sparrow's song for good and all, and I am going to learn to tell between a blackcap and a garden-warbler.

JEAN SIBELIUS

BY WATSON LYLE

From *The Review of Reviews, March-April*
(ENGLISH RADICAL-LIBERAL BI-MONTHLY)

THE name of the distinguished Finnish composer is inseparably associated with remembrance of his 'Valse Triste' in the mind of the average individual. That ethereally beautiful little work has been more played and danced than any waltz save possibly the 'Blue Danube.' But the real Sibelius, the genius and the man who has just visited us after an absence from this country of eight years, is revealed more in his orchestral works and in some of the numerous groups of songs, comparatively few of which songs are procurable here.

Sibelius speaks to us in the language of nature and of nature as she is commonly garbed in his native land. His music is before all else national in expression, and the outlook is presented by a strongly individual intellect that never allows the folk-song character of much of this thematic material to degenerate into vulgarity—a weakness that frequently disfigures the creative genius of Chaikovsky when he utilises idiom of kindred type. The 'folk' style is Sibelius's natural language, and his themes are original in conception and not borrowed from the folk-song resources of his country.

The rush of the tempest; the moaning of the wind through the pine forests; the ominous rumble and thunder of nature in grim earnest; the clear, cold beauty of Northern moonlight and the melancholy of countless lakes in a snowy setting of scintillating purity; and through, and

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above, and around all these tonal impressions is that of the sound of water in motion, from the gurgle of the brook to the roar of the waterfall.

We find such moments in 'Finlandia,' the famous and beautiful work that breathes of the emancipation and hopes of a race, and that was banned at one time by Russian officialdom because of its strongly national appeal: and in 'Karelia.'

At a 'Prom.' Concert in October, 1903, Sir Henry Wood gave English musicians their first introduction to the important work of the composer by a performance of his first Symphony in E minor Op. 39. Its rhythmic invention is fresh and original and in the *Scherzo* a thematic figure with which the movement opens is daringly assigned to the tympani. The second Symphony in D sharp Op. 43 is more conventional; and the third, Op. 52, may be regarded as transitory between that and the strongly original fourth Symphony. The fifth Symphony, still in MS., which received its London premiere (and second public performance) under the composer's direction in Queen's Hall on February 12th, was first performed in Helsingfors in December, 1915. Independence of rhythmic thought and a harmonic invention that is originnl without blatancy demonstrate that whilst the composer progresses in classic work he does so along his own already well-defined idiomatic course.

Amongst his newest works may be mentioned still one more symphonic poem, 'The Oceanides'; a sonatina for violin and orchestra; several symphonic works for voice and orchestra; the music to a morality play and a number of songs and small instrumental solo pieces.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN HOLLAND

BY C. F. ANDREWS

From *The Modern Review*, *March*

(CALCUTTA NATIVE MONTHLY)

FROM the many letters which have been received from the Poet since he left India for the West, it is clear that his stay in Holland touched him most deeply of all. In England, last summer, he had found disappointment and disillusionment, except among those who had been, from the first, among his literary friends. The attitude of the people in general, especially the upper classes, towards his own country and towards Ireland, had left upon him an impression of gloom. In France that gloom was lifted, and he felt himself at once at ease among those, who had no relation to India, such as that of ruler and ruled,—a relation which destroyed all hope of pure friendship. The French also, he found, had no racial pride separating them from Asia. Rather, they reverenced Asia, as the Mother of Civilisations. Thus, in France, the Poet's letters became brighter and happier than those he had written from England.

But it was in Holland, as I have said, that Rabindranath Tagore was most deeply touched of all. I had intended to make extracts from letters,

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which I had received from those who were with him, giving descriptions of his visit; but, by great good fortune, we have had staying with us, quite recently, at Shantiniketan, Dr. J. J. Van der Leeuw, and he has written out for me his own impressions of the Poet's reception. Dr. Van der Leeuw was the Poet's host in Rotterdam and accompanied him elsewhere, so that he is able to write with a first-hand knowledge of the facts. While staying with us in the Ashram, he gave us a strikingly vivid picture of the way in which the Dutch people, who belonged to the poorer classes, flocked everywhere to see the Poet, and how he had won all hearts.

Dr. J. J. Van der Leeuw's description runs as follows:

When the wise Poet came to visit Holland, he did not find an audience strange to him and his works, but, on the contrary, thousands of enthusiastic admirers, full of joy at his coming, full of love for him and his works. In Holland, Tagore is considered as one of the representative men of the New Era; his works in English and in Dutch translations are widely read and appreciated. 'The spirit of Tagore' is even an expression used to denominate a certain attitude in life, which is becoming more and more universal, as time goes on.

Thus it was a loving group of friends, whom Dr. Tagore found on his entering Holland, where he had been invited by the Theosophical Society and the Free Religious Community. Wherever he came he found homes open to receive him, people proud to call him their guest. I do not know of any European, who in these later years, has been received as this great Poet, to whom such signal honor has been paid by the people of Holland.

The love and admiration for him grew as his visit progressed. By his lectures, but even more by his personal charm, he strengthened the tie already existing. What struck us in him, was the spirit of beautiful wisdom and simple joy in life, which made his very presence a blessing.

During the fortnight of his stay, he lectured in the chief towns: Amsterdam, the Hague, Rotterdam; the universities of Leyden, Utrecht and Amsterdam, and also at the school of Philosophy at Amersfoort. Everywhere the halls were packed, thousands had to go away without being able to find a place. From all over the country, people flocked to hear him, and to see him. In Utrecht, he was received by a welcome speech in Sanskrit, which by the way is taught at all the Dutch universities. But perhaps the greatest honour was paid to him, when he was invited, in Rotterdam, to deliver his lecture, not merely in the Church there, but from the pulpit itself. It was the first time that a non-Christian had thus been honoured; and it was meant to convey the message, that his importance as a religious teacher was universal enough to give him the right to stand on the pulpit of a Christian church.

No one who was present, on that occasion, will ever be likely to forget him, as he stood amongst the flowers decorating the pulpit and gave his message on 'The Meeting of the East and the West.' One of the most moving moments was when the president of the committee of reception had thanked him for his stay amongst us (Rotterdam concluding his tour) and when he answered with a few words of farewell, which went straight to the hearts of all present.

The only consolation on his going was his promise to return to Holland.

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Dr. J. J. Van der Leeuw told me, in conversation, that his own Dutch people are somewhat phlegmatic in character and not easily moved; but when they have once given their heart's affection, they never take it away again. He himself had felt the greatness of this event, that had happened in his own country—the visit of the Indian Poet. No one had ever come to Holland from India before, and won the hearts of his own Dutch people in such a manner. He explained to me, that the Dutch have a deep vein of spiritual religion running through their nature, and that it was as a *religious* Teacher that they received the Poet, who came to them from the East.

A letter written in French to the Poet may partly reveal the spirit, in which the younger generation of thoughtful men and women, on the continent of Europe, (who have just come through all the horrors of the Great War), are regarding the writer of *Gitanjali*. I shall strictly eliminate anything, that might disclose the writer's identity, and shall thus make the letter anonymous. It is one of many hundreds of letters, from every part of the world, which I have had the privilege of seeing and reading. None are so poignant, in their spiritual longing for help in time of need, as those which have come from Europe. The hunger for spiritual truth is so great. The writer says:

From my early childhood, everything I heard about India attracted me irresistibly; and so I began to read the Belgian translation of your *Gitanjali* in a spirit of unique sympathy. I was then twenty years old,—full of zeal and love for liberty. Modern Christianity had only touched my heart superficially: it had not got the power to satisfy it fully.

I was very deeply moved after reading your first songs. Quite a new world, of which I had been dreaming for a long time, suddenly and actually revealed itself to me in them. You had touched the most intimate chords in my heart's music, and they had responded. A great happiness flooded my life, till it brimmed over. I used to speak about you and your religious ideas to my friends. These friends were a group of young poets and musicians with Christian convictions. But they were steeped in dogmas and creeds, which satisfied them; and they were alarmed at my enthusiasm and my joy. Their antagonism to your 'pantheistic' philosophy, as they called it,—from which they undertook to save me,—ended by throwing me back into doubt. I had now estranged myself from you, and I felt the full weight of my moral isolation.

And yet, in the very depth of my being, I could hear the voice saying,—if I may apply your own words,—*'I am certain that priceless wealth is in thee, and that thou art my best friend. But I have not the heart to sweep away the tinsel that fills my room.'*

The great war in Europe found me in this mood. Fate took me to England; and there, in solitude, I was reconciled to myself. I saw your books. I took up again *Gitanjali*. I read it and read it over again, and also the *Gardener*, *Crescent Moon*, *Chitra*, *Sadhana*, *Fruit-gathering*. In the month of May, there came upon me a complete transformation, a joy at times overpowering. A boundless gratitude and admiration filled my mind. *Gitanjali* became now my constant companion. Every morning, I read a poem from it; and its profound

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meaning became more and more clear. Unconsciously I learnt to pray.

During the winter of 1917, I read *Personality*. Then it was, there dawned upon me the full light, the assurance of truth itself in its fullness.

That was Peace. You had uplifted my spirit to make me understand and love intensely all things. I had realised the existence of this infinite rhythm, which united my soul to the universal Spirit. I understood the secret of that harmony, which must unite me to all that exists and will exist,—the true love, which does not seek *me*, but *Thee*. I could understand that this love feels the soul of the all-embracing world and seeks to place itself in unison with it. And then,—since it is the love of unity, of harmony,—it is the love of the One, the Infinite, which 'floods my life and brings me such intensity of joy.'

I will conclude with one more extract from a letter, written in German, which again I shall quote without mentioning anything that might disclose the writer's identity. It runs as follows:

How glad I would have been, if I might have known personally one, whose works are now so inexpressibly dear to me! Indian philosophy had long been familiar to me, through my dear friend and teacher, Paul Deussen. I have longed always to go deep into the Upanishads and the Vedas. But I am sorry, that I do not know sufficient Sanskrit yet, to reach out to the originals.

You have perceived so thoroughly the tragic fate of the West, in her giving up her soul to the tyranny of the Machine. Yes, this reliance on the mechanical, rather than on the personal, has undoubtedly been our spiritual death. But is there now any deliverance left from the general break-down of the Civilisation of Western Europe? Is not the whole of mankind being drawn into that whirlpool which lies between Scylla and Charybdis? And, if so, is not the deliverance of a single individual only half a deliverance?

You, in common with the best of mankind, believe that the Infinite Spirit will create a new force, in order again to unite mankind that has gone astray. You know, that a spiritual inter-nationality will lead men back to the origin of Life,—to the Soul. And you know, also (for you have taught us), how little mere organisation can do to effect this, of how little worth outward institutions are, in comparison with persons who are in earnest. I wrote to you, revered Poet, that a movement of a deep inner kind, born out of necessity, is taking shape, and that it will work and work only for the rebirth of Humanity. We require no programmes, no institutions, but only Humanity itself.

You have brought forward a noble theme in your Ashram, at Shantiniketan, Bolpur, and it was a great joy to me to hear, that you were intending to invite comrades from the West to share your Eastern hospitality.

Alas! How terribly the bridges that lead from one people to another have been shaken! How obstructive have been the barriers separating one race from its fellow! It has been my great longing to travel, at least once in my life, to India, and to breathe the spiritual atmosphere that pervades your circle. But, after this war, who knows whether at all, or when, that desire may be made possible?

Revered Poet, my command of English is so little, that I have been obliged to write in German. If you

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honour me with an answer, will you please write in English or French, both of which I can understand to read. If it is possible for me to come to India, the greatest desire of my life will have been fulfilled! For, there, I shall drink of the Spirit of Wisdom from the fountain-head. With profound reverence I greet you."

These letters appear to me to reveal something of the deep reverence and affection, with which the Poet is held on the continent of Europe. They explain what Dr. J. J. Van der Leeuw has written about his visit to Holland. There is no shadow, of that patronising spirit, which has darkened the minds of so many English people, owing to that supremely false relation, of one people ruling over another people. As Mr. H. G. Wells has so wisely said, in the concluding volume of his *Outline of History*, the time has surely come when this hateful phrase, 'subject nation,' should be blotted out altogether from the history of mankind. It poisons all friendship at the very source.

Rabindranath Tagore is proposing to come back from America to Europe in April, and to visit the different countries of Europe during the summer months of this present year. The most cordial invitations have poured in upon him from every side, and he is hoping that his new purpose to found a Shantiniketan, Bolpur, an International University,—a meeting place of East and West,—may be carried one step farther forward by his visit to the continent of Europe this summer.

ARMS AND ARMOR

From *The London Telegraph, March* 24

(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

If swords could speak what stories they would tell. A Viking sword soon to appear at Christie's, for example, would have something to say, and it might make a dry comment on its having been found in the Thames near the peaceful tea-terrace of St. Stephen's, where the sword never plays the part of orator. Yet it must have been a merry Westminster day of cut and thrust when the Viking and his sword went into the Thames mud together. The late Mr. Morgan S. Williams, of Aberpergwm, had a pretty taste in swords and the like, and he displayed his treasures for many years at St. Donat's, whence they have been removed for sale on April 26. He owned the famous 'Bastard' duelling sword, with its superb blade engraved with circular medallions of flowers, which, as an example of Ercole di Fideli's art, was one of the prizes in the Earl of Londesborough's sale, 1888. This was the type of sword which the fencer, Wulson de la Colombiere worshipped, and also of that which Francis I. would have used if the ascetic Emperor Charles V. had accepted his challenge. And there are Scots swords of the days when Highlanders called their trusty blades by the name 'Claidheamh-mor,' and of such is one with drooping quillons, said to have belonged to William Wallace, that national hero who, when he was executed in London in 1305, started the real line of Smithfield martyrs.

Coincident with Chicago and Phila-

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delphia's desire to possess our early English quartos of plays and poesy has arisen the envy of owning our treasures of arms and armour. America would gladly buy everything in the Tower and at Hertford House which clangs and clatters. Consequently, most of the spoils in recent years available from private collections have crossed the seas. Most of the Breadalbane, the Home, the Zouche, and the Laking trophies of chivalry hang or stand now in American homes along with portraits of our common ancestral stock.

Therefore this Morgan Williams collection seems destined to join the rest. Besides, as a nation we deserve chastisement. Nearly forty years ago, when the Earl of Londesborough was loaning his wonderful collection to any institut on begging for it, he succumbed to the plea to lend it to the Aquarium at Westminster. The wayward visitors who used the place showed their appreciation by annexing as souvenirs any loose scraps or bits of metal which they could pick out or off. Parenthetically one may add that souvenir-hunting is not unknown in America. Of the several noble suits of armour which the late collector succeeded in acquiring, an early sixteenth-century cap a pie example illustrating the transition from the severe Gothic type to the more robust style of Maximilian armour, is chief. Probably the work of the Augsburg smith Koloman Kolman, it is akin to a suit which should be in the Vienna armoury, and to another in the Wallace Collection. When the Eglintoun tournament was held in 1839 the Victorian knights found their ancestral armour neither tall nor big enough to hold them. This Morgan Williams suit may not be sufficiently high for an Edwardian knight, but it is certainly wide enough to encase a Falstaff. Like to the one in Hertford House, it is free from decoration on its bright steel, save for the inscription below the *lisiere d'arret* of the globose breast-plate, "I. H. S. Maria." That on the Hertford House specimen, by the way, runs: "Ihesus Nazarenus Rex Judeorum." Another German suit of earlier date (circa 1490) is fluted throughout, the only defect being in the short-cuffed mitten gauntlets, which are not a pair. One thinks in passing of a probable fashion note in 1500: 'The pauldron with upright shoulder guard is being reduced this season to allow for the couchment of the lane.' And again: 'Rere and ram braces are to be worn.' A graceful suit is that of Gothic design, about 1480, for a dandy tilter in bright steel, the *salade*, *mentonniere*, georget, and breastplate with *placate* being fluted on the borders.

But again, as in the Zouche sale last year, we find an especial attraction in the complete suit of armour for a boy-prince, probably made for use of the Guise family about 1560. It is a real lad's suit, and every boy scout will love to learn that it comprises 'bear-paw' sollerets. Princes in every epoch have not only elected to work, but have been disciplined to it. The hazards of a point-to-point steeplechase are matched by the deeds of young squires-at-arms who could not hope to be considered eligible for knightly advancement, unless, among their feats of strength and agility, they could prove their power to vault over a war-horse, encumbered, as they were with such a suit of armour as described. There is much more in this Morgan Williams array to set the imagination working. Pretty dirks for dirty work, and pole-axes, for instance, akin to that used by Thomas

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Qué, the English squire, in his duel with Jaques de Lalain in Bruges market-place before Philip of Burgundy in 1445, are here in profusion. And as a reminder of the days when archers were as important as tanks in a fight there are three rare specimens of bowmen's *pavois d'assaut*, of wood, covered with sheepskin, and decorated as armorial escutcheons.

WOMEN AND THE THEATRE

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

From *The Observer*, *March* 13

(MIDDLE GROUND LIBERAL DAILY)

ONE of my readers, rebuking me for something I had written about the theatre, made a comment on its condition which is sufficiently curious and interesting to justify its reproduction here:

> The real trouble [with the theatre] is that we have reached the end of a period of civilisation. Women made all civilisations, and naturally at the end of the rotten business we find them controlling our male destinies by sheer force of numbers and by the innumerable petty fashions and conventions they have nurtured and spun around us. Nowadays, who fill our theatres (and our super-teashops)? Who encourages the immense production of slushily sentimental story trash that overwhelms us to-day? The hordes of flappers and older young women who are enabled to indulge their half-educated and wholly futile tastes at mostly the taxpayers' expense. We live in a woman's era, and, so far as can be seen, we must put up with it until the men recover in numbers and *morale*. Of course, there will be a revolution in outlook upon life. 'The Beggar's Opera' opens the ball, and may we be fortunate enough to have your pen on the right side!

It is obvious that my correspondent is exceedingly cross about something and that he is endeavouring to enlist my services as a soldier in a Man's Movement. My heart must thrill to the slogan, 'Down with Flappers! Masculinity and Merry England!' I tried, indeed, to start a Man's Movement in America, where woman-worship is excessively conducted, but no one would listen to me, so I came home again. But we are not women-worshippers in England, thank heaven, preferring to treat them as reasonable human beings, and so I do not feel obliged to start campaigning for the deliverance of men here. What I am concerned with now is the suggestion of my correspondent that women, and especially flappers, are responsible for the state of the theatre as we now know it.

His arguments leave me coldly unconvinced. We may be at the end of a period of civilisation, as he states, although I am not in a position to allay or confirm his suspicions. I feel dubious about these period theories of civilisation. I do not see Life as a thing neatly-parcelled out into periods, each detachable from the others, but as a continuous process in which all the parts are as closely related as the topmost leaf of a tree is to the lowest root. There is a poem by Mr. Hardy, called 'In Time of "The Breaking of Nations,"' which seems to me to settle the matter with that awful precision with which only poets can settle it:—

> Only a man harrowing clods
> In a slow silent walk
> With an old horse that stumbles and nods,
> Half asleep as they stalk.

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Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

Nor do I find myself inclined to believe that women make all civilisations. If this were true, then my correspondent's hope of a new period of civilisation in which men shall recover their numbers and their *morale* seems to be a remote one. Women, as a fact, do not make civilisation at all. Men make civilisation, and women preserve it. Man's impatience at once makes him create civilisation and try to destroy it, and if it were not for the conserving instincts of woman, the accumulated treasures of man's imagination would long since have been destroyed. How easily and how quickly men shed the refinements of life when they are withdrawn from feminine society, as in the Army! Nine men out of every ten would, if they were removed from the influence of their women-folk for six months, develop the habits and manners of hogs. If we are to discuss this business seriously, we must clearly understand the functions of men and women in the world. Man is the maker—no one has ever supposed God to be a woman—and woman is the conserver.

My correspondent casts the blame for empty entertainments upon 'the hordes of flappers and older young women,' who are apparently rampant at present. I do not propose to exempt young women from the charge of supporting fatuous performances, but it would be very unjust to ask them to bear the whole of the blame for these performances. Do our young men rush rapturously to the Court Theatre to see 'Henry the Fourth,' while their sisters are rushing rapturously to His Majesty's to see 'Chu Chin Chow'? Are there no young men, no middle-aged men, no old men to be seen at the leggier revues and musical comedies? Do our youths frown heavily when they see the advertisements of beauty choruses? They do not. Why, only a few weeks ago, Mr. Oscar Asche was informing an astounded world that a well-known big game hunter, now deceased, had seen 'Chu Chin Chow' seventy-five times! Last Monday, at the Alhambra, I saw a very dull show, called 'Robey en Casserole,' performed before a large audience in which men considerably outnumbered women. Mr. Robey had only to make grimaces or say 'Shurrup,' or put his extended fingers to his nose, or say 'Wow-wow!' and the big, beefy, middle-aged men in the audience would howl with delight! No, if there is to be blame for these silly shows, let the blame be fairly distributed. Women are not any more responsible for them than men, nor are men any more responsible for them than women. We are all guilty sinners, and men will not escape condemnation by whining out the excuse that women tempted them.

The reference to 'The Beggar's Opera' is oddly entertaining, for this piece was regarded in the eighteenth century with some of the contempt with which we to-day—that is, the highbrows among us—regard leg-shows. It is a singular piece with which to begin a revolution, but assuming that my correspondent is correct in believing that Mr. Nigel Playfair's production of Gay's opera is ushering in a new era of civilisation, we may reasonably wonder why it failed to do so when Rich produced it. The eighteenth century was not a time

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when women noticeably dominated society. There certainly were not hordes of flappers debauching the public taste. The play had extraordinary popularity then, but not any more extraordinary than its popularity now. Dr. Johnson was dubious about it, but Boswell found it entertaining. Edmund Burke disliked it, and Gibbon thought that it probably had the effect of increasing the number of highwaymen, at the same time refining that class, making them less ferocious, more polite, in short, more like gentlemen.' I do not know what women thought of the piece, but I am prepared to find that they liked it rather better than the men liked it. Certainly, women patronise the production at Hammersmith as freely as men do, and if, therefore, my correspondent is right in regarding 'The Beggar's Opera' as the herald of a new civilisation, he must in common honesty award some of the praise for its support to women as well as to men. And how does he account for its failure to make a revolution at a time when men had numbers and, presumably, *morale*?

But what a silly discussion this really is! Taste among women is as diverse as it is among men. There are in the world a great many very silly women, and there are also a great many very silly men. There are also in the world a small number of very wise men and a small number of very wise women. In between these two groups of the very silly and the very wise, there is another group, neither wise nor silly, but fairly sensible, which contrives to keep the world on its feet.

LIFE, LETTERS AND THE ARTS

ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE

Posters, jugs, statues, streets, and furniture are all to be made beautiful if the movement now on foot among British artists succeeds. In both England and Scotland organizations exist whose object is to bring art out of the museums and into the life of the people; and the London *Times*, whose art critic recently aroused much interest by an article on this subject, has been consulting some of their members and other well-known English architects, sculptors, painters, and designers for specific suggestions, which range from better tea-pots to better cities.

A member of the London Design and Industries Association, whose name is with-held, demanded more artistic tea-pots, chairs, and shop-windows. The adaptation of an inexpensive tea-pot to the use for which it was designed furnished his principal text. It must conserve heat, and therefore must be round. It should —though it rarely does—pour without dripping, and have an outlet which the tea-leaves cannot clog. Since beauty comes from the perfect performance of function, the designer of tea-pots must hold these cardinal points in mind and subordinate his design to them. Then his tea-pot will be both beautiful and useful, and may still be as cheap as any of the ugly and impractical ones now available. This artist also pointed out that cheap chairs might be both useful and beautiful if their manufacturers would only refrain from 'faking' them as imitations of mahogany and oak which deceive nobody. Fitness for

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use is the principle advocated. Adherence to it would sweep away quantities of ugly and futile articles and open the way for better taste everywhere.

A number of artists found fault with the statues in London, more because of their placing than because of their inherent ugliness. Mr. Carmichael Thomas of the London Society criticized the statues at Waterloo Place, particularly that of Charles I. Mr. Robert Anning Bell, a painter and sculptor, pointed out that the statues of London are 'rather a maligned collection of works,' and suggested that 'in the great majority of cases it is their position or method of erection that is at fault.' Mr. John Simpson and Sir Reginald Blomfield, both well known architects, have also made suggestions for the beautification of the cities.

One of the artistic reforms most generally demanded is in the quality of the posters and advertisements, many of which are still offensive. The decoration of public buildings with frescoes by great artists, as in the Royal Exchange, the Houses of Parliament, and recently in the Hall of the Skinners' Company, has also been received with much approval.

Architects have intimated that improvement in the designs for public houses would offer a sure way of appealing to the people and a recent competition consisted exclusively of such designs.

PROTECTING BRITISH WILD LIFE

British nature-lovers and sportsmen are making efforts to preserve the wild life of the entire Empire, their endeavors ranging from inviolable reserves for African elephants to a bird sanctuary in Brent Valley as a memorial to Gilbert White of Selborne upon his two-hundredth anniversary. Two organizations, the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire, and the Selborne Society, whose activities are directed to this end, have resumed their work, which was suspended during the war.

As even the most inaccessible jungles are being opened to sportsmen, the danger is increasing that many of the most interesting Asian and African animals may go the way of the American and European bison, the American passenger pigeon, and the 'blue goat' or quagga of the Cape. Endeavors to induce settlers and natives to spare the wild life which surrounds them are rarely successful, particularly when the animals begin to increase in number and commit depredations upon their stock.

The only solution is the establishment of inviolable game preserves, suitably situated with respect to food, water, and range, and protected by an adequate force of forest police. Sites for such reserves are difficult to select, for as the population of the more sparsely settled colonies grows constantly, local pressure for the abandonment of the preserves soon appears.

A year or two ago this happened at the Addo Bush reserve for elephants, which had been established near Port Elizabeth. The territory allotted to the elephants was too small and contained too little water. As settlers began to take up the lands adjoining the jungle reserve, they found that the thirsty elephants did not keep their part of the bargain, but made their way out of the reserve to attack the new water works and destroy their crops. Another reserve on the shores of Lake Chad, in Nigeria, had

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to be thown open because of a famine among the natives. The land within the reserve was so rich and well-watered that it was badly needed for crops. Another reserve has since been established in a locality which is thought to be equally suitable for wild game and practically useless for cultivation.

The members of the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire, naturalists, sportsmen, travellers, and officials from all parts of the British dominions and colonies, are somewhat divided in their opinions as to the immediacy of the danger. In Uganda the elephants are becoming numerous enough to annoy the native farmers. In many British territories, however, they do not have full legal protection, and in the other parts of Africa game laws are of little use, perhaps for lack of the British sporting tradition.

Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, who had literally a bird's-eye view of the country in his attempted aeroplane flight to the Cape, found the elephants, whose bulk made them clearly visible from the air, numerous enough; but he is of the opinion that they may disappear as rapidly as the American bison, whose numbers were even larger in the years immediately preceding their destruction.

British birds, at least, are being well cared for. The Selborne Society founded by a group of admirers of Gilbert White, the author of the *Natural History of Selborne* has recently added a tract of twenty-two acres to its Brent Valley Bird Sanctuary, and will soon secure adjoining church lands which have been promised by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Twenty-five acres of timber land which adjoin the sanctuary but are not yet a part of it, will probably soon be added. Compared with the gigantic sanctuaries needed for the African fauna, the refuge seems small, but it is large enough to become a permanent home for all the British land birds, and perhaps also for wild flowers, which are in almost as much danger of extermination.

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[*The Spectator*]

WILD SWANS

BY WILL H. OGILVIE.

THERE is seldom a footfall beside our dark water
That hill shadows bathe in and bulrushes shroud;
No playmates are here for this lonely king's daughter
Save the wailing grey gull or the wandering cloud.

But this morning, where roselight and opal lay blended,
With musical clangour and wide spread of wings,
A flight of white swans on the dawn-wind descended
And breasted the loch into rose-coloured rings.

What quest do they follow? Where tends their long journey?
Will they fade with the sunset, melt out with the moon?
Are they knights with those white plumes a-toss for a tourney,
Called South to the lists in some distant lagoon?

Are they elves of the moorland, heath-folk or hill fairies
That ride through the night-wrack to rest with the morn?
Have they brought us from sombre Loch Skene or St. Mary's
Some magic of Yarrow wing-wafted and borne?

As I watch them at ease I can think of them only,
Dim wraiths through the tears that the dawn mist distils,
As exiles returned by long sky-ways and lonely:
The Souls of dead hill-men come home to their hills.

[*The Athenaeum*]

TWO POEMS

BY FREDEGOND SHORE.

WHAT I SAW IN A SLUM

Charity at her spinning-wheel
That wove a dress for Faith,
And Mercy with his bleeding feet,
And Love a starving wraith,
And Pity still a little boy
With sorrow for his only toy.

WHAT I SAW IN A RICH STREET OF THE CITY

Cruelty in an iron car
With Beauty for his bride,
The seven lusts that carried them
Over the mountain side;
The coach wherein they drove was Hate,
The Coachman's name was Pride.

[*The Nation*]

A SONG

BY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

SHALL you return again?
Yes, some time,
In hawthorn, summer rain,
Or a new rhyme;
Roofs green with weather-stain,
And bells a-chime;
A latticed window pane,
Where roses climb.

How shall we know it's you?
By this and this:
White sand, the gentian's blue,
A song, a kiss.
One ever born anew,
How may you miss,
Who lives the whole year through
In all that is!

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